

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Wise Decision

VERY welcome is the decision of the American House-Senate Joint Atomic Energy Committee to recommend that President Eisenhower be given power to share US secrets on the use of atomic weapons with her allies, and to give authority to the President to join in a world atomic pool for peaceful purposes. Russia's virtual rejection of the world pool scheme which Mr. Eisenhower presented before the United Nations at the end of last year undoubtedly exercised some influence on the Committee; nevertheless there has been discernible for some time past a growing congressional opinion that the United States should not retain exclusively for herself the knowledge now possessed about atomic weapons and their use. This changed attitude is partly attributable to the successful atomic experiments which Britain has carried out over the past year and which have proved beyond question that America's principal ally has learnt a great deal about atomic weapons, more especially the tactical type. But the principal factor which has guided the Atomic Energy Committee is the realization that as Russia has conquered the secrets of the atomic bomb, and probably the hydrogen bomb, it would be stupid to leave the Continental democracies without any knowledge of atomic weapons. The President's powers for giving information will still be restricted and the highest secrets of the American atomic laboratories will almost certainly remain undisclosed. But one important value of the Committee's decision is that it opens the way for an exchange of atomic information. Britain possesses her own secret atomic weapons, knowledge of which could benefit the United States as much as Britain could benefit from information concerning some of the American weapons. The congressional law governing atomic energy has barred this useful exchange of knowledge and to some extent has retarded development of nuclear power, both for peaceful and war purposes. Given the opportunity the physicists of Western Europe could probably make valuable contributions towards perfecting the use of atomic energy, and with this power directed towards peaceful aims, the world as a whole must benefit.

# WASHINGTON TALKS BEGIN

## LABOUR MPs ANGRY

London, June 25. The Labour Party today intensified its "war" against Sir Winston Churchill's Government for refusing to implement a free vote of Parliament that members' salaries be raised by 50 per cent to £1,500 yearly.

The Prime Minister's announcement of his decision involved him in a row with the Opposition shortly before his departure last night for Washington talks with President Eisenhower.

It brought immediate Labour reprisals, and today a Socialist member, Mr. John Parker, asked leave to bring in a private Bill next Wednesday "pegging" the amount of money MPs are allowed to earn outside their official salaries, now £1,000.

This is taken as a hint at Conservative members who have business and private incomes. Mr. Parker's Bill will ask Parliament to set a limit on the amount of extra money that an MP may have by way of income.

Last night, while Sir Winston Churchill was flying the Atlantic, the Parliamentary Labour Party met and told its leaders to reject the Government's offer to discuss alternative proposals to a straight pay rise—such as an expenses allowance.

It also decided to cancel the "pairing" arrangement by which a member can leave the House while it is sitting without affecting his Party's strength if one of the Opposition also agrees to absent himself, so that their votes cancel out.

**EMBARRASSING**

This decision embarrasses the Government and if rigorously maintained could endanger its majority and hasten a general election.

The Labour refusal to "pair" means that if any substantial number of Government Ministers or Members is absent on official business abroad, Sir Winston Churchill will have to be on constant guard against the chance of a snap Labour victory in the House of Commons votes.

It will also increase Government anxieties at times when numbers of its members are absent through illness.

So bitter is the feeling aroused in the Labour ranks that politicians visualise a return to the atmosphere of the Labour "stalemate" Government of 1950-51, when, with a majority of only seven, the administration was at times driven to extremes.

On some occasions, sick and crippled Government supporters were brought from their beds and even hospitals—one in a bath chair—to sustain Mr. Clement Attlee, the then Prime Minister, in critical votes.—*Reuter.*

## First Subjects: EDC And Exchange Of Atomic Information

Washington, June 25.

The European Defence Community and the exchange of atomic information between the Western Allies were the two chief subjects discussed today by President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill, the White House announced.

The two leaders and their Foreign Secretaries, Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. John Foster Dulles, conferred in the President's study for two and a half hours this afternoon following an earlier meeting this morning.

The President's Press Secretary, Mr. James Hagerty, did not elaborate on the subjects discussed, but said the discussions on the exchange of atomic information had dealt with the "mechanics" of expanding co-operation between the two nations in this field.

## Red China's New High Command

London, June 25.

Communist China announced today the appointment of seven Generals to the top military command and named a new Finance Minister.

The New China News Agency reported the appointment of the following Generals as Vice-Chairmen of the People's Revolutionary Military Council, the nation's highest "organ of military command": Liu Po-cheng, Ho Lung, Chen Yi, Lo Jung-huan, Hsu Hsiang-chien, Nieh Jung-chen and Yeh Chien-ying.

The Agency also reported the appointment of Li Hsien-shan as Minister of Finance and Vice-Chairman of the Committee of Financial and Economic Affairs. Li is at present Vice-Chairman of the Central-South Administrative Committee and concurrently Director of its Financial and Economic Affairs. He replaces as Finance Minister Teng Hsiao-ping, a Vice-Premier.

The appointments were approved at the 32nd meeting of the Central People's Government Council, the highest executive organ of China, on June 19, but made public today.

The Government Council also appointed Tan Cheng-wen, formerly chief of the Department of Public Security of Kwangtung Province in South China, as Deputy Procurator-General.

The seven Generals now promoted were all previously members of the Revolutionary Military Council, with the exception of Lo Jung-huan, who holds the post of Procurator-General.—*Reuter.*

Mr. Hagerty pointed out that the President in his State of the Union message to Congress last January had asked Congress to approve a broader exchange of atomic information than that permitted by the Atomic Secrets Act of 1946.

Mr. Hagerty described their talks as a general discussion.

In answer to a question, he thought such increased exchange of information would have to wait until pending legislation on the exchange of atomic secrets had been passed by Congress.

Mr. Hagerty said he did not know whether today's Anglo-American talks had dealt with the proposal made by Mr. Eden on the eve of his departure for Washington for a Locarno-type non-aggression pact with the Communists in Asia.

He also said that he could not confirm a report that the discussions had touched on the uprising against Guatemala's left-wing Government.

Mr. Hagerty said that further talks between President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill would not be held until tomorrow (Saturday).

**WHITE HOUSE DINNER**

Tonight, the President and Mrs. Eisenhower will entertain at a dinner at the White House in honour of Sir Winston and Mr. Eden.

Guests will include members of the Cabinet, members of Sir Winston's party and top officials of the State Department and other United States Government agencies.

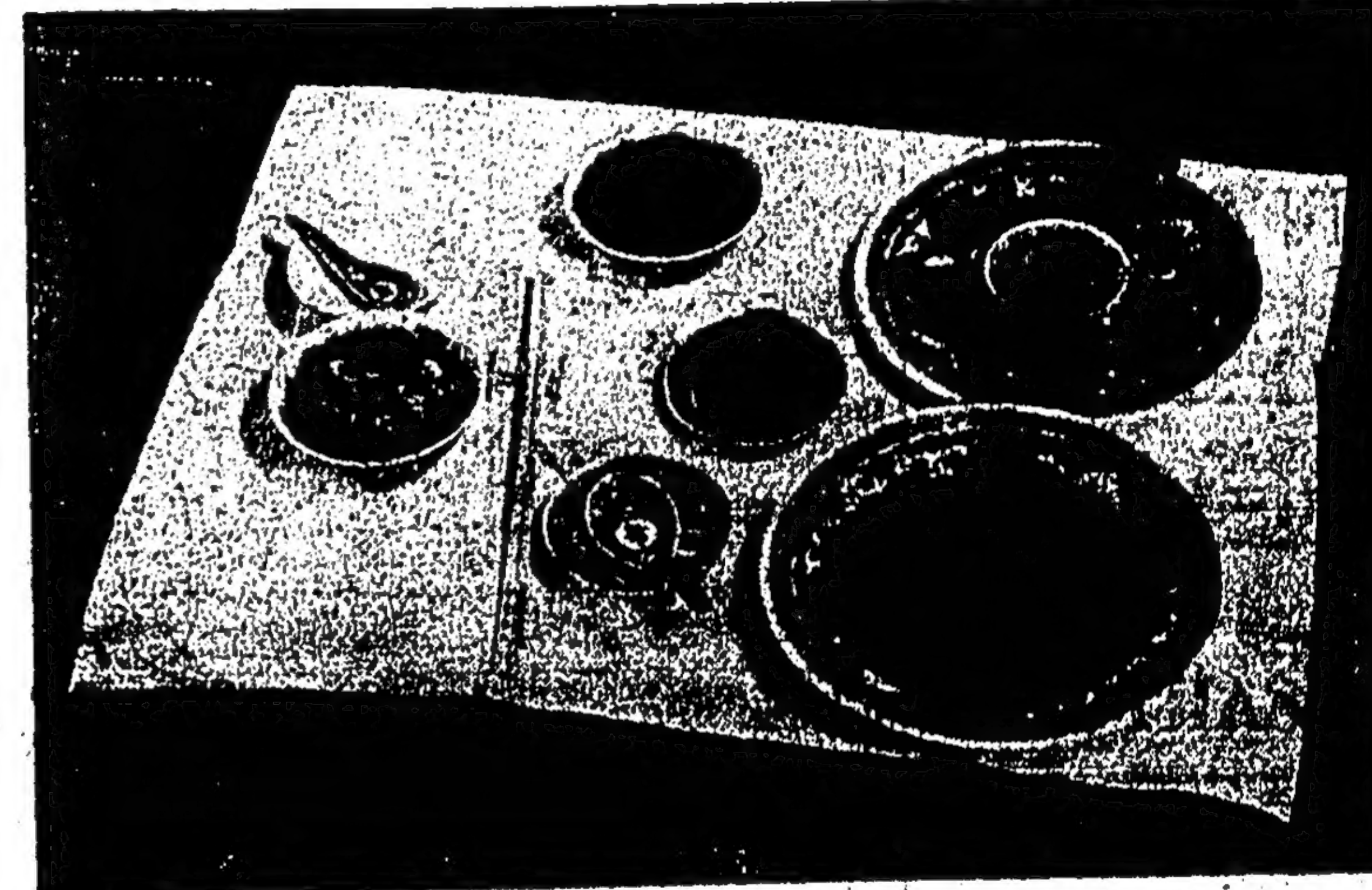
Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston were expected to meet on Saturday morning, but a time and not been set.

Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles planned to meet in Mr. Dulles' office at the State Department at 2.30 p.m., GMT tomorrow. At 5 p.m., GMT, Sir Winston and Mr. Eden would be guests of honour at a White House luncheon attended by 28 members of the Congress including the Republican and Democratic leaders in the Senate and House of Representatives, senior members of the Foreign Relations, Appropriations and Armed Services Committees.

Talks between the four principals were likely to be resumed later in the afternoon.

In addition to their Foreign Secretaries, Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill were joined in their talks today by Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the United States Ambassador to Britain, and Sir Roger Makins.

the British Ambassador in Washington.—*Reuter.*



## Reds Accept Proposal In Principle

Geneva, June 25.

Communist China today accepted in principle a French proposal that a committee of delegates be set up by the nine-nation Indo-China conference to thrash out some of the key issues of international armistice control, conference sources said tonight.

But Mr. V. Kouznetsov, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, told the 18th secret session that before the committee was formed, the heads of delegations must meet to consider the conflicting armistice control proposals already put by the East and West.

The peace talks have been deadlocked on the crucial issue of armistice control almost since they began nearly eight weeks ago. The conference agreed today to recess until Tuesday so that delegates could have informal direct contacts on the French plan for an experts' committee and the Soviet terms for agreeing to such a committee.—*Reuter.*

## "Sinister Scheme" Uncovered

New York, June 25.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Post said today that the Soviet Union had been preparing to send a large military mission to Guatemala, possibly in a Russian cruiser, at the request of the Guatemalan President, Senor Jacobo Arbenz.

The correspondent, Robert S. Allen, said that the United States "has positive information of this sinister scheme," which was still being considered by the Kremlin.—*Reuter.*

## Mr Leo Gaddi Receives Congratulations



## Trades Union Orders A Boycott

London, June 25.

The Communist-led Electrical Trades Union today ordered its 220,000 members throughout Britain to completely boycott the big J. Lyons Company of caterers.

"This means that our members must not go into their tea shops, hotels or any of the subsidiary undertakings," said the Assistant General Secretary, Mr. Frank Hazell.

"They must not buy cups of tea, ice cream, or any products sold by J. Lyons."

The Union is backing a dispute by 470 electricians on strike at Lyons restaurants, hotels and food factories in protest against the use of non-Union members.—*Reuter.*

## Tanks Surround Cement Works

Cairo, June 25.

Egyptian Army tanks and armoured cars today surrounded the Swiss-owned cement works at Turah, near Cairo, after a 1,000 striking Egyptians had stormed the management and damaged plant.

The workers want on strike demanding higher pay and better conditions, though strikes are banned under the Naguib regime.

The Army intervened at the request of the Swiss Charge d'Affaires. It was learned authoritatively tonight.

Army intelligence officers and police arrested a number of people and other workers are being screened. Order was restored at dusk.—*Reuter.*

## Seeks New Record

Ostend, June 25.

Fakir Harve, a 53-year-old German, was tonight shut up in a glass cage here to try to beat the 80-day world fasting record recently claimed by Fakir Burman in France.—*China Mail Special.*

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**TO-DAY**



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"ROGER WAGNER CHORALE" in TECHNICOLOR  
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Yvonne De CARLO — Carlos THOMPSON



LATEST BRITISH PATHE NEWS

SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12

COMING: **ROUND THE MOUNTAIN**  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

## FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Two pictures not having been censored in time for their scheduled showing threw the HOOVER programme out this time and instead of "FLIGHT NURSE" and "HELL'S HALF ACRE" (both of which will be seeing a little later) "GERALDINE" and "FORT ALGIERS" took over. "BEACHHEAD" will then move in for next week-end.

The LEE and GREAT WORLD plan to show the film of the Hongkong Beauty Contest next after "DANGEROUS MISSION". With it will be "DESTINY". Li Li Hwa is at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA now that "KILLERS FROM SPACE" have played out their time. The title of her picture is "GIRL ON THE LOOSE" but apart from that translation I'm afraid that it's in Mandarin and there are no English subtitles. A Warner Brothers picture follows this — it bears the intriguing title "THEM".

"THE NAKED JUNGLE" is the main feature at the EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS. They split again after that with the EMPIRE taking "ROAR OF THE CROWD" and the KING'S and PRINCESS "DRUMS OF TAHITI".

I hardly dare to mention "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE" in connection with the CAPITOL and LIBERTY again, though provided that everything is ready at the LIBERTY in time, it will definitely be shown on the 30th at both theatres. To keep you going until then there's a light piece of entertainment called "CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE".

Last, but by a very long stretch not least, is "RIVER OF NO RETURN" at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

Yvonne de Carlo is back in the desert again. "Sand in my shoes" must be the song that haunts her dreams. "HOTEL SAHARA" is the only one of the other desert pictures whose title I can call to mind, but you can probably supply the rest without thinking too hard.

The French Foreign Legion features almost as prominently as do the Arab foes in the new desert drama — this one's "FORT ALGIERS". With Yvonne de Carlo is a newcomer to Hollywood — the Latin-American Carlos Thompson.

Evidently Hollywood thinks enough of him to star him again, as I see that in a later film, "THE FLAME AND THE FLESH", he's the target of those two lovely ladies, Lana Turner and Pier Angeli.

But back to the desert. The glamorous Yvonne de Carlo is a spy in "FORT ALGIERS", but the very nicest kind of spy — a patriotic Frenchwoman, to be exact. Her job is to find out who is behind the Arab uprisings disturbing the comparative peace of North Africa.

The newspapers have recently been telling us that things are by no means peaceful in French North Africa, so at least it's topical.

I usually find that in Yvonne de Carlo's pictures she's far superior to the material she's given. "THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE" was an exception, perhaps "FORT ALGIERS" will prove to be another.

### LAST WAR

We go back to the last war for "BEACHHEAD". It's not a background or a subject that's been very popular in recent pictures. If a film company has wanted to make a war picture, it's chosen Korea as its locale, or one of the many guerilla wars going on at the present time.

The exact period during the war that "BEACHHEAD" is set in is not clear. The script writer chose was just before the battle of Bougainville, and the place, an island close to it.

Four American Marines, Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy, Skip Homeier and Alan Wells, are detailed to get in touch with a French planter on the island, who has radioed some information concerning the position of Japanese mines.

It's essential to plans for the forthcoming engagement that the information be verified. For some reason, the planter's daughter (Mary Murphy) is with him, though I suppose one can stretch a point and allow this is to have some of the Japanese forces.

The jungle trek through the dripping swamps to get to the planter and the struggle back to base, with the feeling of danger lurking behind every tree, forms the main body of "BEACHHEAD".

I'm afraid that beyond the fact that the two featured players in "DESTINY" are Alan Curtis and Gloria Jean, I can tell you nothing. A Press Book isn't available, nor have I seen a preview.

Now what can I say about "THEM" without giving away their secret. I think I can give you a hint by saying that the film's on the lines of "KILLERS FROM SPACE". Giant creepy-crawlies are the killers and some of the equipment scientist Edmund Gwenn, daughter Joan Weldon (you saw her in "THE COMMAND") and policeman James Whitmore have to use against "THEM" are gas masks and machine guns. Need I say more?

### MARAUDING ANTS

"THE NAKED JUNGLE" deals primarily with the conflict between husband and wife, Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker.

He is already a wealthy plantation owner in South America at the beginning of the film and she, for some reason not disclosed in the synopsis of the story (I haven't seen the film because another preview clashed with it the day it was shown) has married him by proxy, never having seen him before.

This part sounds vaguely improbable to me, as Joanna Leitch is described as "a beautiful, cultured woman from New Orleans".

If this is so then why on earth does she have to go husband-hunting in the sticky jungle of South America when many a woman with less to offer has snapped up an equally wealthy prize in more salubrious surroundings.

There are hints that it has something to do with a previous marriage, so perhaps all is made plain in the picture.

Charlton Heston is also puzzled by the woman's motives and being on the surface "a rough, domineering character", he doesn't attempt to hide his mistrust or dislike of her.

On the other hand, Eleanor Parker appears to emerge from the early scenes in a rather better light. In spite of the cold welcome she tries to make a success of the marriage, with disappointing results.

An army of marauding ants resolves the situation — he'd been about to give up and go home when warning of their coming is received — having to stay with her husband and help fight them is the common obstacle that brings them together.

Although I haven't seen this picture, I've read several criticisms of it by writers whose opinions I respect, and the consensus of these opinions seems to be that Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker really bring the story to life.

I've found Charlton Heston to be a little lacking in the qualities necessary to convey complicated feelings and mental processes in the past — and thought his level was more of the plain black or white character in a murder mystery than the emotionally upset fellow he appears to be in "THE NAKED JUNGLE". But apparently he carries it off rather well.

The producer is George Pal whose usual field is that of science-fiction. Actually found in South America, the Marabunta ants are more than fiction, however.

They really are enormous and who can destroy any animal and vegetable matter in their path.

This is a picture I intend to see.

If you're a car racing fan, the names of Duke Nalon, Johnny Parsons, Henry Banks and Manuel Ayulo will mean a lot to you. They're featured in the film, "THE ROAR OF THE CROWD", which the EMPIRE is showing at the end of next week.

All the emphasis in this picture is on racing, with a small bit of love interest from Helene Stanley and Howard Duff.

A picture of this kind doesn't need a story to help it along, except for a little background on the various drivers, and luckily the producer hasn't tried to confuse the issue with anything startlingly original detracting from the interest of the actual racing.

It's just the old and very human one of the girl not wanting her fiancé to carry on in such a dangerous occupation but giving in when she sees how important a part it plays in his life.

The Indianapolis 500-mile race is a topical subject at the moment, many of the newscasts featuring it, and "ROAR OF THE CROWD" goes one better and gives it to you in colour.

### NO REAL VILLAINS

"DRUMS OF TAHITI" is one of those nice little films in which nobody's really villainous, there's a lot of colourful South Sea Island scenery and the two main male characters, though really on different sides of the fence, treat each other with the utmost courtesy.

The two latter people, in the case of "DRUMS OF TAHITI", are Dennis O'Keefe and that delightful man, Francis L. Sullivan — complete with broken French accent.

Tahiti, at the time of the film, is controlled by France, but the Queen, who has English blood somewhere in her ancestry, dreams of the English fleet coming to free the island from the French. Not that the French ill-treat the Tahitians or exploit them — with her it's just a matter of pride.

Dennis O'Keefe — a wealthy American among whose interests is a sort of bar-cum-night club, is drawn into the intrigue on the side of the Queen.

This automatically puts him on the opposite side from that of his chess opponent, Francis L. Sullivan. This isn't all — force of circumstances makes him marry a hard-boiled burlesque artist, Patricia Medina.

All ends happily however, Tahiti remains French and the Queen bows to the inevitable.

"CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE" is a romantic comedy starring Van Johnson, Janet Leigh and Louis Calhern, with that oily little man, Gene Lockhart cast in the role fairly pleasantly, as a College Dean.

Louis Calhern is the prime mover in the story — prime being the operative word. He's a Texas cattle baron trying to win his son and daughter-in-law (Van Johnson and Janet Leigh) back from schoolmastering (in Van's case) to the cattle ranch.

The story hinges on Van Johnson's failure to buy steaks for his expectant wife on the salary he's earning. Grandfather, to be with the best intentions, tries to right this with almost as much subtlety as his own prime beef.

Walter Slezak is also on the cast list.

Not having seen this film I can't tell you whether the situations are romantic or funny, but you'll be able to guess, from the stars and the story, whether it's something that will amuse you.

### BACK IN JEANS

The last time I saw Marilyn Monroe in jeans was in a film where she played Barbara Stanwyck's chocolate-eating younger sister in a New England film having something to do with fish. Here was a small part, but strangely enough (or was it so strange?) I remember her more than Barbara Stanwyck or Paul Douglas — the stars — or the title, which I've completely forgotten.

Anyway, back in jeans she is in "RIVER OF NO RETURN", with a few changes into the sort of garb we've come to associate with girls who sing in saloons of the wild Northwest.

The provocative Marilyn is seen to her best advantage in Technicolor and the other scenery (the Canadian Rockies) is superb too.

If the picture had been intended to be a musical it could have got by on even two of the songs Marilyn Monroe sings in it. As it is there are four and she puts over each one in a manner that places most of the green's songstresses completely in the shade.

Both the New York Times and the New Yorker have scathing things to say about "RIVER OF NO RETURN". I hate to be in complete disagreement with these two august publications, but I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the picture.

Most of the story is concerned with the voyage down the river of Marilyn Monroe, Robert Mitchum and young Tommy Rettig (Mitchum's son in the picture).

It took a long time, but the suspense of wondering if the Indians would attack, if the raft would be overturned in the very realistically photographed rapids, or if they'd just starve to death, was admirably sustained.

The relationship between Mitchum and his young son was most sensitively conveyed by the two — affectionate without being mawkish and at the same time restrained.

It's not necessary to refer to the obvious charms of Marilyn Monroe herself. A rather rowdy audience, composed mostly of her fellow countrymen (I went to the afternoon show) testified to her pulling power in that line.

Being feminine (although still able to admire her) I was much more interested to note that she can act. If you're feminine too and disagree with me out loud in your menfolk's hearing, they'll only accuse you of jealousy, so better not waste your breath!

Rory Calhoun, who manages to throw dust in the eyes of the apparently worldly-wise Marilyn, isn't quite as sure of himself as usual, but still handsome enough to turn any girl's head.

A very small cast for all that enormous breadth of scenery and at the risk of being repetitive, a good one.

A last word — a defiant one in the face of the New York's critic. He says "I seldom have I seen an actor maintain so marked an air of aloofness in the face of proceedings like shooting rapids on a raft, fighting a mountain lion, and dodging the arrows of outraged red men."

What did he want Robert Mitchum to do — register emotion by grinding his teeth or flexing his jaw muscles? He was playing the part of a man who, in the middle of hordes of unbalanced gold miners, wanted something permanent out of life — a farm and peace of mind. I think he played that part to perfection.

## QUEEN'S

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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## NEW ORLEANS' UNIQUE INTERNATIONAL MART

New Orleans.

The flags of 60 nations fly from a white, modernistic building in New Orleans that is the hub of world-wide trade activities in such diverse products as fragile pottery, billiard balls and bulldozers.

The building is the International Trade Mart, a unique, non-profit organisation dedicated to the promotion of two-way trade between the rich Mississippi Valley area of the United States and the rest of the world through the port of New Orleans.

## Business Is Good For Tattoo Removers

Melbourne.

Tattooing in going out of fashion here and business was never better for the skilled tattoo remover.

## The Sea Is His Third Home

Montreal.

The sea is a sort of third home for dapper businessman Sydney Jarvis of Red-dich, England, who arrived here recently after completing his 117th crossing of the ocean.

"The Atlantic is part of me," he said as he walked unerringly to his cabin on the Empress of Scotland without guidance from a steward. "I have travelled on every big liner that has sailed to Canada in the last 35 years."

"The shipmates, the stewards and many of the deckhands are old friends of mine," he said. "We met in the hectic days after the First World War, in 1919, when the big rush of troops and war brides from Europe was on. Then there was the carefree era of the twenties, and the empty decks of the depression years and the uneasy days before the war."

Jarvis still averages four crossings or two return trips a year between Britain and Canada. He said he usually comes over in February and August, and each time travels the length and breadth of the continent. Jarvis represents a number of British manufacturing firms.

His two most memorable crossings were during the twenties. On one the ship crashed into an iceberg and just managed to reach St. John's, Newfoundland, and on the other an undersea tremor threw up such rough seas that no one could walk the decks or passages of the ship.—United Press.

## EXPERIMENT IN NEW VACCINES

Tokyo.

A Tokyo research centre has prepared three kinds of anti-dysentery vaccine and plans to use them in experiments on 150,000 persons.

The new vaccines, which are derived from the dysentery virus, were used on 60,000 persons last year with no ill effects.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Our economics teacher wants us to learn some business this summer. Wouldn't it be a good idea to find out all about the railroads by travelling around?"

The trade representatives of 11 nations have offices in the five-story structure, and products of at least 25 nations and the 48 states of this country on display in showrooms along the polished corridors.

A total of 700 stockholders, ranging from school teachers to businessmen, have invested \$1.5 million in the trade mart that houses importers, exporters, forwarding agents, steamship lines, passport agencies, and even a school for foreign languages.

It opened for business in 1948. Belgium was the first country to locate its trade mission in the mart. Since then, Holland, Italy, West Germany, France, Canada, Switzerland, Great Britain, Japan, Cuba and the Philippines moved in to boost their imports to the United States and boost them they did.

## 323% INCREASE

Imports through the port of New York and San Francisco did not, for the most part, penetrate the market areas of the central United States. It was on this great potential market in the area that was rapidly becoming more industrialized that promoters of the trade mart sold foreign countries.

Belgium, for instance, imported 35,000 tons through New Orleans in 1947. In 1951, it increased its imports to 108,000 tons.

From 1948 to 1952, the five European countries of Belgium, Holland, Italy, Germany and France increased their volume of imports by 323 per cent. That represents an increase of 300,000 tons per year, with the average ship leaving 2,000 tons of cargo. The service cost on each ship is estimated at \$100,000. The latter reaps the profit of New Orleans a fat \$20 million year.

The trade mart, of course, is only one factor in the large increase of trade through New Orleans. Since its establishment here, there has been an estimated billion dollars worth of new industry locating in Louisiana. Industrialization has come south in a big way since the last World War.

And still another factor was the establishment of a free trade zone in New Orleans in 1947.

## CENTRALISATION

The uniqueness of the trade mart lies in its centralisation. For the buyer, it represents a vast information service. He has at his fingertips, once inside the mart, comparative prices asked by foreign manufacturers marketing product and the how and where of buying and shipping. If he does not like what is offered him by West Germany, he can walk a few steps to the Italian trade representatives, or vice-versa.

Office space can only be rented in the trade mart by those who, in one way or another, have a stake in world trade. The space in the mart is 99 per cent rented, and there is a long waiting list. Its managing director, Clay Shaw, hints that the jam may result in an expansion sometime in the future.

The cost of the trade mart building will be paid off through office rental over a period of 20 years. It will at that time not be owned by anyone, theoretically, but stand as a busy monument to the faith of private capital in the free flow of trade between nations.

The only somewhat similar enterprise of its kind is in Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, where the mercantile mart was constructed in 1952. It is used as an exhibition area for Union and foreign products.—United Press.

## Balmy Days Bring Divorces

Sapporo.

Spring might turn a young man's fancy to thoughts of love in some parts of Japan but on the northern island of Hokkaido the balmy days are rough on romance.

City officials here report that divorces have "shot up" 42 per cent in a month, a post-war high and a jump of 70 per cent over 1953.

Complaints: The women claim their husbands drink too much. The men insist their wives mismanage the household budget.—United Press.



General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, former president of the Dominican Republic, now in Spain as a guest of the Spanish Government, attends military manoeuvres at the Carabanchel Camp, Madrid, accompanied by General Franco and Chiefs of Staff of the Spanish Army. American war material, which recently arrived in Spain under the new military agreement between the US and Spain, were used in the manoeuvres.—London Express.

## Four Grounds For Protest

Oppama, Japan.

Residents of this small city are up in arms over construction nearby of a US Air Force helicopter base.

They complain: 1—The noise will keep their children awake. 2—They won't be able to hear their radio programmes. 3—The city will be crowded with bars and cabarets. 4—There will be a flood of prostitutes.

Merchants, however, are campaigning in favour of the base.—United Press.

## Santa Claus Moving His HQ

Bracebridge, Ontario.

Santa Claus is moving his headquarters from the North Pole to a new village being built for him in one of the most beautiful spots of the Muskoka district.

Santa's village will be completed next spring, and residents of children and their parents from May to December each year.

Besides Santa's home, the headquarters will include toy workshops, stores, a post office, church, village square and other attractions. Santa is also bringing his reindeer and dozens of elves to make the toys and dolls.

The area surrounding the village, covered with pine trees, has been re-named Enchanted Forest. Most of the village buildings will be of logs with steep roofs and trimmed with bright paint.

The site is accessible by car along the north Muskoka river road or by boat from the Devil's Elbow one mile from Lake Muskoka. Landings will be built for boats.

The village will cost about \$150,000 to construct and a company has been formed to sell shares to residents of the district.—United Press.

## READING AID FOR CRIPPLES

Edmonton.

Polio patients and cripples in Edmonton hospitals are now using special prismatic glasses which enable them to read without holding the book.

The glasses are one of the many services provided by the Co-ordinating Council for Crippled Children to help gain normality.

W. J. Barrell, executive secretary of the Council, said he hit on the idea by accident, when he was reading a magazine advertisement, stating that prismatic glasses are invaluable to persons wishing to read in bed without straining their eyes.

Barrell said "the thought hit me, why not try the glasses on our bed-ridden crippled children?" He ordered one pair, which was sent from New York—and tested by a patient. The test was 100 per cent successful. A patient equipped with prismatic glasses can lie on his back with the book resting on his stomach. Through a series of prisms and reflecting mirrors the patient stares straight ahead and the type is reflected as though it were being held up in front.

At present, crippled children are using the glasses to enable them to keep up with their school work.

SECOND ADVANTAGE Another advantage of the glasses is that patients can put them backwards and see what is directly behind them. Sister Beatrix, superior at the Edmonton general hospital, says the patients enjoy being able to see behind them and ask to be backed near a window to watch activities outside.

The first glasses from the United States were made of plastic, but now a new order of 50 pairs made of glass has been placed with a company in Paris. The cost per pair is about \$15.

The glasses are gifts of the Council for crippled children and are available to any patient needing them. They are given to doctors for distribution at each hospital.—United Press.

## Jet Pilots Given Tough Training

(United Press Staff Correspondent Rosanna Groarke in one of the few women who have been given flights in RCAF jet planes. Following is her description of the flight.)

By ROSANNA GROARKE

MacDonald, Manitoba.

Three miles above the ground, hanging from nowhere, in a jet plane, your only enemy is "G"—the symbol for the enormous pull of gravity that presses and could crush and destroy you.

To the NATO personnel training here, however, the wild blue yonder is likened to the backyard of a suburban dwelling.

"If you feel sick, ma'am," said F/O Lorne Webster before take-off in a T-33 Silver Star, "unlock your oxygen mask and use your helmet as a basin."

Jets, unlike boats, do not rock. And so, three miles above the ground, there was hardly any feeling of nausea. Webster's first performance a roll, then a loop. He was not too sure of the loop at first. "Well, I don't know, ma'am," his voice came hollowly over the radio. "The cloud's kinda low for a loop. I can give you another roll if you want."

## NOTHING LIKE IT

"There's nothing like it," Webster said, as the T-33 hit the runway, smooth and fast.

Webster, like all the pilots of MacDonald field, is crazy about jets. The base is an Air Force basic weapons training school for NATO pilots. It has been operating the only jet weapons course in Canada since February 12, 1954, with training in rockets, bombs, machineguns and cannon.

The men who go there are trained jet flyers. It is up to the school to turn them into jet fighters in six weeks.

Three weeks are spent in ground training, the remainder in air-to-air combat. The planes are sent out four at a time, and dive on a flag target towed by another jet. They make five flights with cameras instead of guns, then they are given live ammunition.

## NOT SO HIGH

The present average of hits is not as high as the instructors would like, but it is expected to improve as the course continues.

Only instructors learn air-to-ground gunnery at the present time. Officials hope eventually to have all pilots take three weeks of air-to-ground training in addition to the present course.

Under the NATO programme, the Canadian takes his courses with pilots from other countries. In a recent class here, there were 11 Frenchmen, two Italians, and seven Canadians. The course is described as a gruelling one, even though each man flies only three flights a day.

Group-Capt R. P. Blagrove, the commanding officer, hopes in time to have three groups of pilots going through MacDonald together, each one at a different stage of the course. The strength of 33 jet trainers would be enough to cover this, he says.—United Press.

## Thoughtfulness Pays Off

Tokyo.

Skittish Tokyo pedestrians, wary of the wild antics of local cab drivers, blinked their eyes in surprise at the unique performance of one young driver—he actually stopped at a safety island to allow passengers to make it to the curb in safety.

The unusual performance prompted one foreigner to check the car licence, find the driver through the co-operation of police and a Tokyo newspaper, and present him a 2,000 yen cheque.—United Press.

## Temporarily Changed Course

Tokyo.

An Upper House Committee complained to Tokutomi Kimura, Head of Japan's growing military force, that his naval frigates sought safety in the recent storm which whipped across Hokkaido instead of helping stricken fishing boats. "Our frigates never sought haven," Kimura replied proudly. "They only temporarily changed their course."—United Press.



Harry Odell says

SMETERLIN was born in Bielsko, Poland. Although music was not a tradition in his family, he was given piano instruction at the age of six, and by the time he was eight had progressed so far that he was invited to play a Mozart Concerto with the local orchestra. His father, opposing his inclination to make music a career, sent him to the University of Vienna to study law, but there he quietly joined the piano class of Godowsky, and within a short time was awarded the State prize and sent to London and Berlin for demonstration recitals.

He soon became an outstanding figure in the musical circles of Paris, London, Vienna, Madrid, The Hague and Scandinavia. He went to America for the first time in the autumn of 1930, and has made annual tours since, in addition to his recitals in Great Britain, he has appeared as guest artist with a number of the major symphony orchestras. He has also given successful tours in Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Cuba and Canada.

Smeterlin is recognized as one of the most brilliant interpreters of Chopin. He is a staunch supporter of the modern school, and has given first performances of numerous works by such composers as Dukas, Ravel, Albeniz and Szymanowski.

Smeterlin will give two recitals at the Empire Theatre, on Monday, 19th July, and Wednesday, 21st July, 1954. Admission prices are \$15.40, \$8.00 and \$4.70.

In conclusion, needless to say, I only associate myself with the finest of artists. Don't let the weather bother you as we are air-conditioned. Please book early at the Empire Theatre, King's Road, or the Town Booking Office, side lane, Shell House.—Advert.

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN







SIGHTSEERS crowd outside London's Dorchester Hotel to catch a glimpse of two celebrities at once — Britain's Noel Coward (extreme right), and America's glamorous grandmother, Marlene Dietrich. Both are doing a season at a London night club. (Reuterphoto).



LEFT: Hongkong-born Jennifer Lowe, aged 21, dancing the intricate pas de deux in "The Swan Lake," partnered by Robert Blake, at the Royal Hall, Harrowgate, Yorkshire. Jennifer has a ten-week summer season as a ballerina with the newly-formed Ballet de l'Europe. (Express).



DAVID NIVEN and his wife snapped on their arrival at the Globe Theatre, London, to see the new Noel Coward musical, "After The Ball." (Express).



W-H-O-O-S-H . . . that's the Big Dipper, that was Valerie Simpson, 11-year-old from Canada, shows her approval of every second of it at the Battersea Fun Fair. Valerie, from Ontario, worked for a year baby-sitting and delivering newspapers to earn her £135 fare to Britain. (Express).

LEFT: At a Royal Engineers demonstration at Silbury Hill, near Andover, Sapper John Bonny inflates one of the new experimental anti-mine shoes. The shoes are intended to reduce the pressure exerted by a man's foot to below that required to operate anti-personnel mines. (Army News).



GENERAL view showing the scene as the Royal party returned to the Royal box after inspecting the runners on the first day of the Ascot race meeting. Shown are Her Majesty the Queen, Her Majesty the Queen Mother, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and, behind, Princess Alexandra.

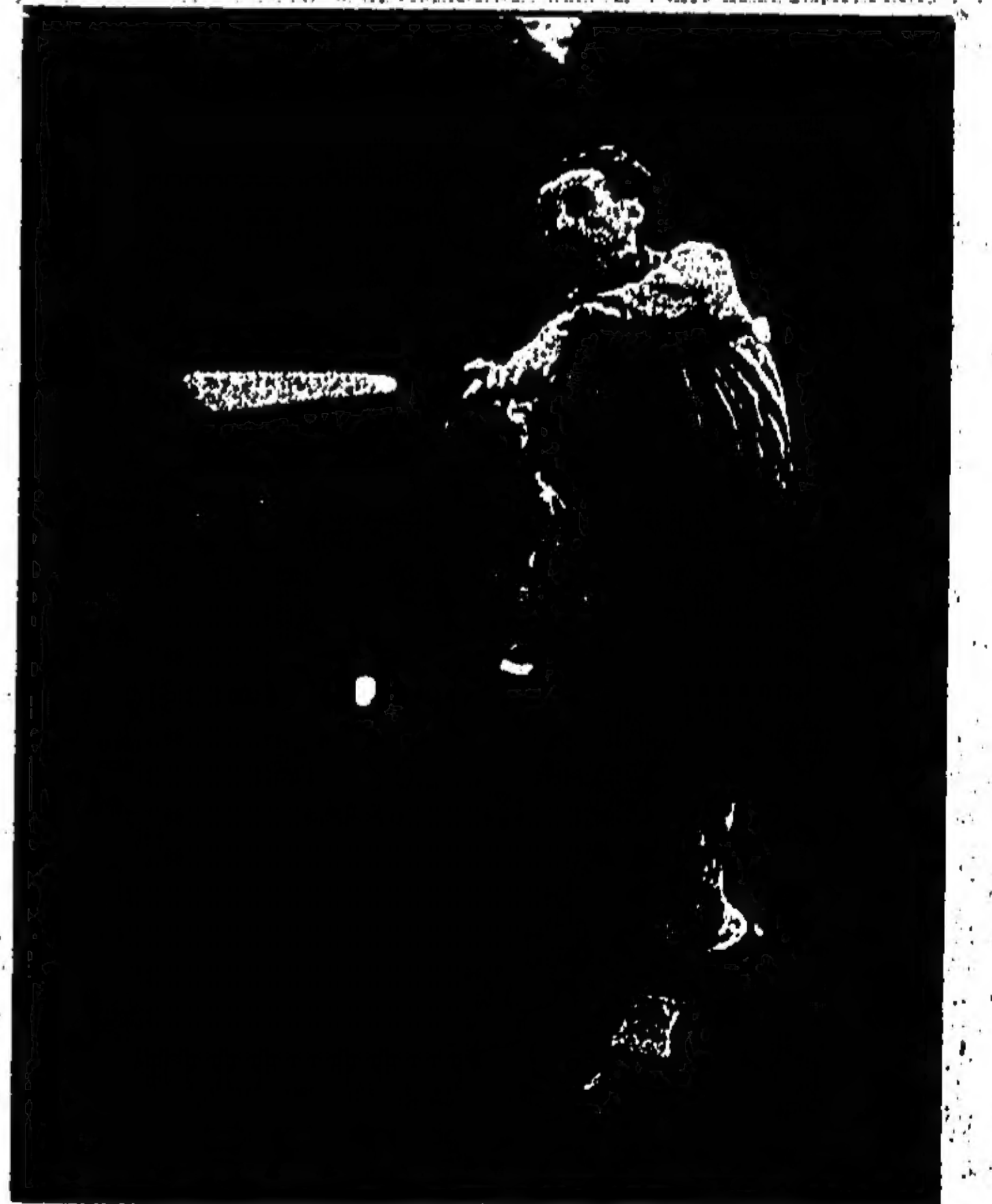
## HOME PICTORIAL



MISS Grace Thornton, who has been appointed British Consul in Copenhagen. She is 41, and weaves tapestry for a hobby. (Express).



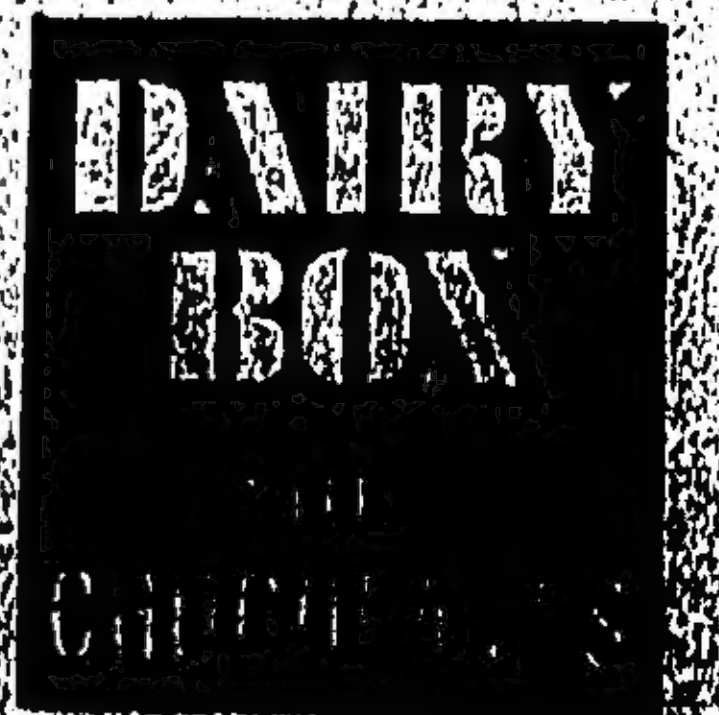
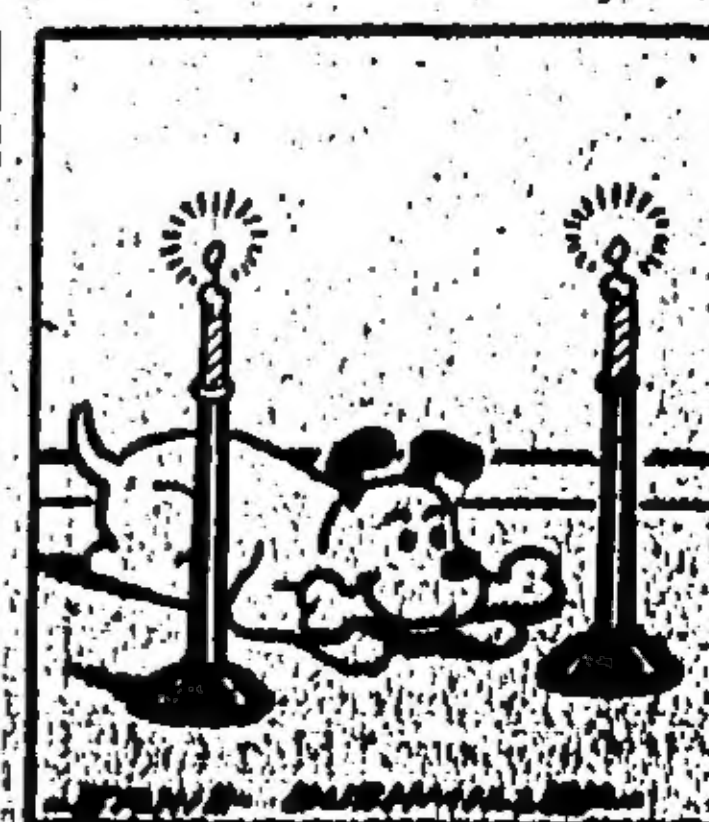
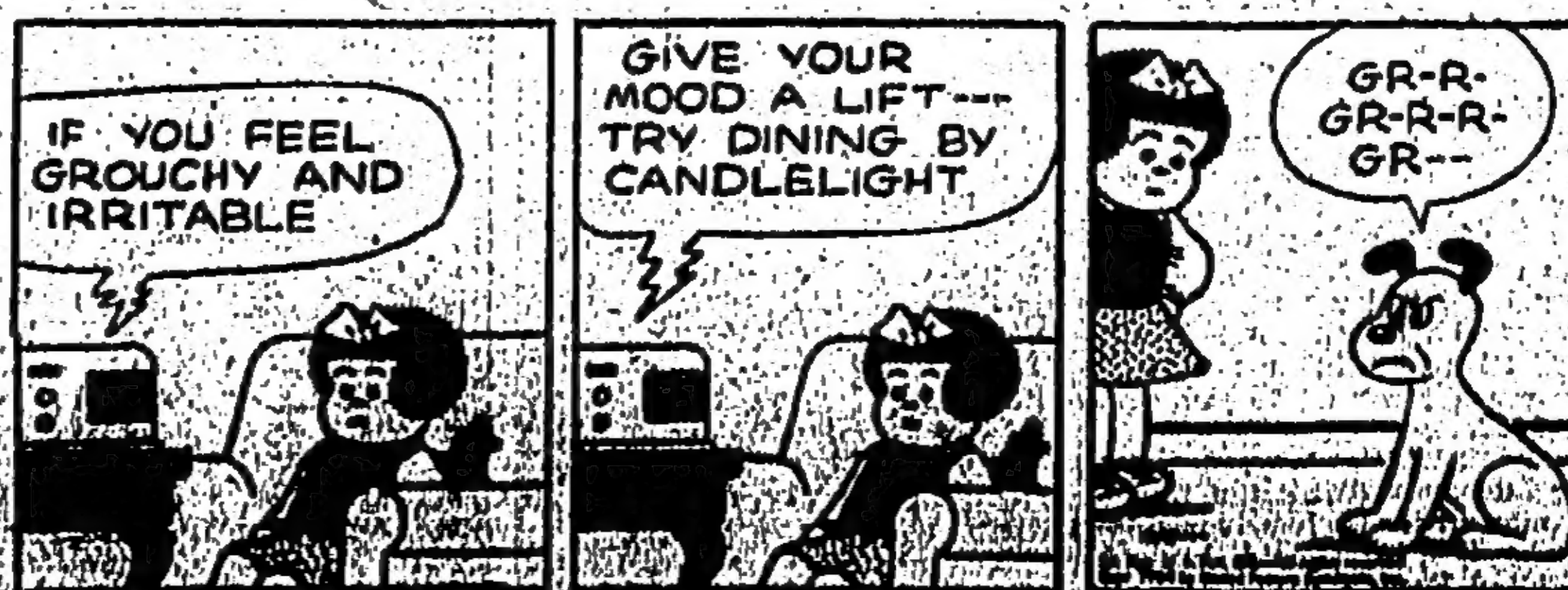
SIR GORDON RICHARDS pictured at Sandown Park on his first appearance on a race course since his accident at Salisbury. "I am quite fit now," he said, "and tickled to death to be back again." (Express).



STANLEY MATTHEWS, one of Britain's star soccer players, hits out trying his hand at baseball during a training session of England's World Cup players at Rochampton before their departure for Switzerland. (Express).

### NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





## Nostalgia From A Queen's Treasure

By Jack Sen

LONDON. PRICELESS and irreplaceable as the late Queen Mary's art treasures may be, they are also a brilliant reminder of her worldwide interests.

And they recall, too, the era of Empire in its Victorian splendour and the years when crowned heads ruled nearly every country in Europe.

More than four thousand of Queen Mary's treasures are on display now in replicas of the rooms of Marlborough House, her favourite residence, erected in London's Victoria and Albert Museum.

There are paintings and tapestries, elaborately worked clocks, curiously fashioned scent flasks, bibelots and jewelled ornaments. There are pieces of furniture normally found only in a museum.

### EASTER EGG

Among them is Carr Nicholas II's Easter egg, fashioned in platinum and diamonds by Carl Fabergé for his Czarina. There are miniatures of the Qzar's five sons.

Inscriptions, a little nostalgic, breathe life into the pieces.

In a gold, enamelled basket is a note from Princess Sophie, George III's daughter, which tells the basket's history in her own handwriting. "From my beloved sister Mary; was my mother's; after her death the Duke of Gloucester's and now given to me, Jan. 31st, 1835," she wrote.

From India is a Jaipur jade trinket box encrusted with rubies and uncut diamonds—a gift perhaps from some loyal maharajah.

From Spain, an early 19th century fan, presented by Queen Victoria Eugenie, depicting Madrid Palace in intricate detail.

### CHIEN LUNG PIECES

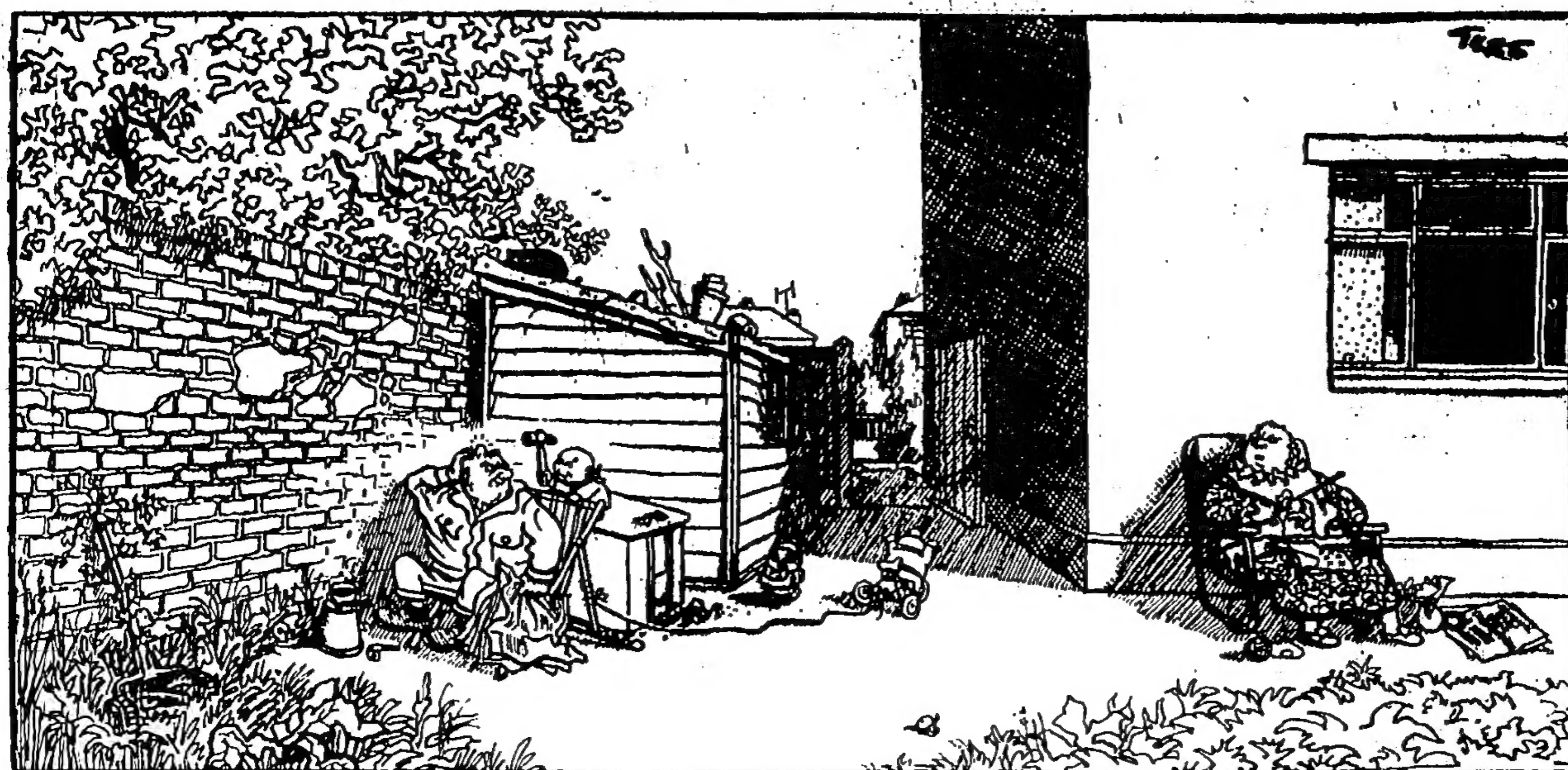
From China there are 18th century Chien Lung pieces. Two which attract attention are a pair of pale blue and tan vases, and a green jade dish covered with pierced and carved lotuses.

But perhaps the most moving exhibits are the least spectacular.

They are a modest display of photographs and dresses.

The photographs of the Queen from her childhood days bring to mind a generation half-forgotten today.

The dresses and their accessories, the pale blue fur-collared coats, the feathered toques and elegant parasols, belong to a gracious, swiftly-receding era.



"That's a nice thing to call a baby on the first day of National Baby Week."

London Express Service

# THE GHOST GOES 1954

CHAPMAN PINCHER begins today a new exploration of the World of the Uncanny

It started with a cable from America. New progress was reported in the proof of telepathy—the mysterious "sixth-sense" faculty. And all the unanswered questions that people ask about

the world beyond the five senses came to life again. What is the TRUTH, in the light of today's discoveries? That is the question our Science Reporter has set out to answer in this new series.

ghosts are not a psychic manifestation.

When one is reported there is usually a child in the house passing through the difficult period of adolescence or someone else experiencing a similar mental disturbance.

It is they who throw the objects and break the windows—often without consciously realising it.

Haunted houses where the same kind of ghost is repeatedly seen by different people over several years are difficult to explain by the telepathy theory, but there are few, if any, which stand up to investigation.

My confidence in reports on haunted houses was shattered when I investigated the case of Borley Rectory, "the most haunted house in England," said to be haunted by the ghost of a murdered nun.

After questioning witnesses at Borley I left convinced that the reports were worthless.

The main difficulty with the telepathic theory of uncanny experiences is in explaining those which are seen by two or more people at the same time.

Again I have never been able to track down such a case, but there are many on the Psychical Research Society's records.

Two young Englishwomen on holiday near Dieppe three years ago claimed to have heard ghostly voices and seen ghostly figures re-enacting the Commando raid which had taken place there nine years before.

They made full notes of the voices and the times at which they heard them. These times coincided almost exactly with a main event of the Dieppe raid as recorded in official reports which the women had never seen.

A case, reported by Tyrrell in his scholarly book "Apparitions," is even more startling.

Mrs P. saw a man, standing at the foot of the bed dressed in naval clothes. She told her husband to look.

The figure, an apparition of his father who had been dead 14 years, spoke to him in a reproachful voice and vanished.

Later the husband disclosed that he was in financial trouble and at the time the ghost appeared had been considering doing something discreditable to get out of it.

It could be argued that the apparition in this case was seen by both people because it was a real ghost—a spirit returned from the dead.

However, that argument is destroyed by the following equally well-documented report of the "ghost" of a living person seen by two people.

A woman asleep in her home dreamed she entered a ship's cabin and saw her sailor husband and another man asleep.

At the same time the husband dreamed that his wife entered the cabin in her nightdress, leamed over his berth and kissed him. He then woke up to find his companion staring at him and accusing him of admitting a strange woman into the cabin at night.

Later the wife accurately described the cabin which she had never seen in waking life.

If this account is true, it defies reasonable explanation by any theory yet devised.

Next Week: The truth about telepathy.

WOULD you spend the night alone in a haunted house? And if you did—what would happen to you? In June 1954! Well, let's see. And first, let's get the right idea about ghosts.

People do see ghosts, there is no doubt about that. But ghosts are not what they were. The clanking kind with, in extreme cases, the head beneath the arm, has gone.

Yet the Psychical Research Society, a body of impartial investigators, still believes in ghosts—of a kind.

What kind? Well, perhaps you have seen or heard one. Perhaps you HAVE spent a night in a "haunted" house. Judge for yourself by these experiences reported by intelligent, responsible people.

★ ★ ★

A message came down from the moors that an old woman was dead. So my doctor friend motored up to the three-roomed stone house where she had lived with her 84-year-old crippled husband.

The doctor went up to the bedroom alone, viewed the body and left.

That night he called back to comfort the old man. "You know, she's not really dead, doctor," the old man said. "Listen."

In Psychical Research Today (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.).

kit and naval cap. After a short talk McConnell left.

A check confirmed that at that time McConnell was lying dead 60 miles away.

All that is needed to explain this uncanny experience is to accept the possibility that telepathy—the transfer of messages across space—sometimes occurs at moments of crisis. The evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of this belief as I hope to show in the next article.

I suggest that at the moment of the crash a message passed from the subconscious mind of McConnell to

Dr D. J. West, of the Psychical Research Society, reports this case.

David McConnell, 18-year-old trainee pilot, was asked to fly an aeroplane from Scampton, Lincoln, to Tadcaster, where he crashed at 3.25 p.m.

His room-mate reported that at that time he was sitting reading when he heard footsteps coming up the corridor and saw McConnell enter, wearing his

By now she has learned not to worry overmuch even before a big race. And if she worries at all, she conceals it.

As the racing season lasts all the year round in California, the Longdens have few outside interests there.

"There's no time for anything else. I play an occasional game of golf. But I play at it; I don't take it seriously. Really, we lead a quiet life. Most evenings we spend at home watching television. When we're away, we feel we have to be out every minute finding out what's going on. But in California, we know exactly what's going on—so we stay at home."

"In New York or London—I've been here several times before—we try to pack as much as possible into the time. We've seen three shows in the last fortnight. They were a musical review, a psychological drama and a light comedy."

"Home" is a luxurious dream house near Santa Anita, a citrus ranch in Nevada—and two children, Eric, two, and Andrea, seven.

"They are both mad about horses," said their mother. "Eric, of course, wants to be a jockey, too. But we're afraid he's going to be too big. Andrea also loves

horses all day long and she just wishes she were a boy."

Switching to clothes, Mrs Longden pronounced that a good, well-cut suit fills the fashion picture.

"Suits are just right for racetracks. Your Royal Ascot—but of course there's nothing like that in the States. People go for the races. Women don't bother overmuch about fashion, so long as they look smart."

Packed Time-table

But there is just an occasional moment when Mrs Longden might wish she had more time on her hands when she is away from home.

In London, she has visited relatives and friends, done a lot of sightseeing, gone shopping—woollen cloth for her own, trinkets for the children.

Then, if you are the wife of a champion jockey, "you follow a packed time-table," she explained. You leave England almost the moment the big race is over. Maybe there is a wonderful party coming on soon.

But you don't try to go away. Your husband, to stay, because he has promised to stay in a race, somewhere, else. You forget the party. But it doesn't matter. You'll be back, some day. You'll be back, some day.

## YOU're the one who does the haunting!



Drawing by HOFFNUNG

## THIS ACE JOCKEY'S WIFE HAS HER BUSY DAYS

By Dorothy Barkley

LONDON. IF you rose at five in the morning, travelled eighteen miles to Epsom to watch your husband exercise his horse, flew seventy-five miles to visit friends, then returned to London to do some last-minute shopping, how would you feel?

Tired . . . worn out? Maybe.

But that's the way Mrs Hazel Longden lives.

Mrs Longden, slim and fair-haired, is the 30-year-old wife of Johnny Longden, America's champion jockey who flew to England to ride in the Derby.

She greeted me with the words: "Gee, I am tired." After this particular day's excursions, she had changed from a smart tweed suit into a comfortable black sweater and skirt. And we settled down to talk about the kind of life led by a champion jockey's wife.

"It's easier for wives to be with their husbands at home in California," she said. "Race meetings aren't dotted around the country

### Perfect Partner

Marked on a map and dated in her diary are visits to Calgary, Canada, for a wedding at the end of this month, and an autumn holiday with friends in Vancouver.

Mrs Longden is the perfect partner for her jockey husband. "I have known Johnny since I was 'so high,'" she "went on. "When he came to the States, twenty-seven years ago, the first person he rode for was my father."

She has lived in the racing world all her life. Born into the "business" at Winnipeg, Manitoba, her father was a horse owner and trainer.

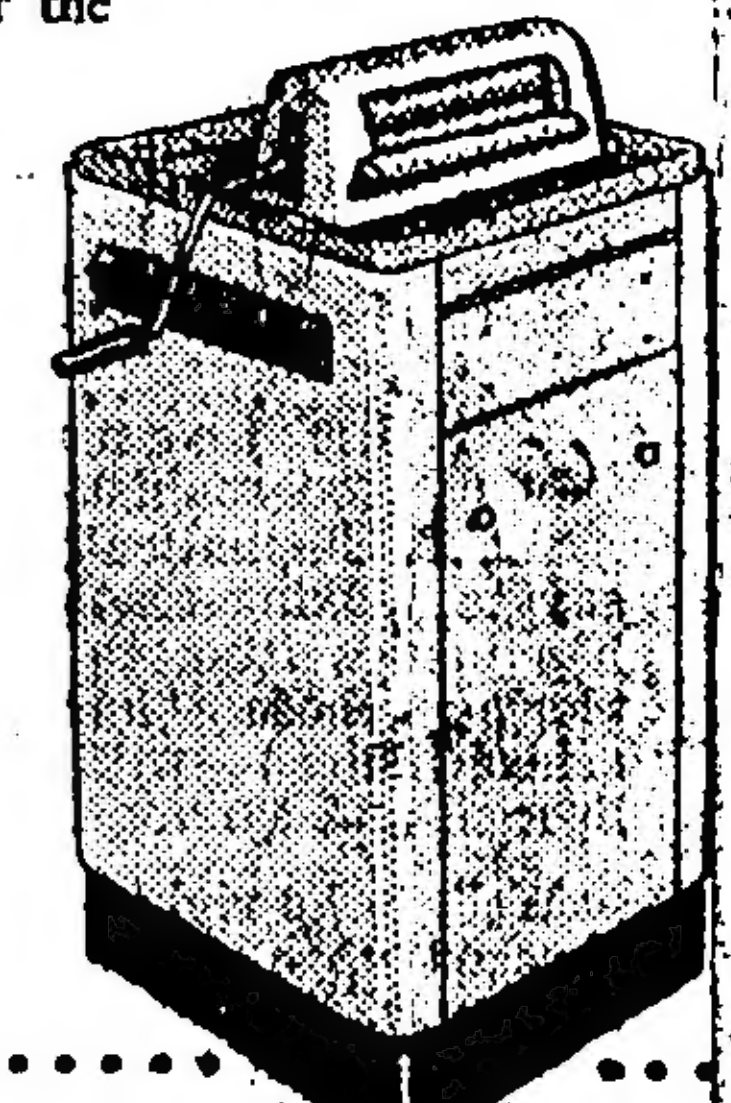
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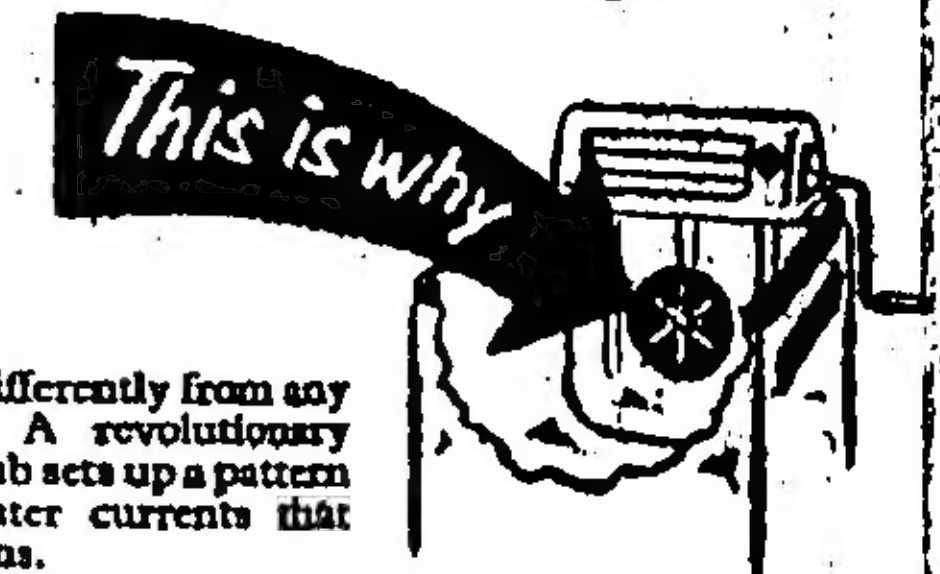
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## Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom.

Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch.

Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time.

It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and mud by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention.

It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.





## But what about that lipstick?

by ELIZABETH PAKENHAM



"ARE teenagers too sophisticated?" Emphatically yes, says a Woking reader who has just written to me deploring those "hard-faced schoolchildren with their lipstick and earrings."

Well, is he right? I have checked up a good many teenagers, including my own children, and here are my results. Teenagers want to be sophisticated. (Whether they are another matter.) The other day my 13-year-old was taken for 16. "I felt absolutely wonderful," she said.

Sophistication may set in even before the teens. My 10-year-old son came home recently all agog with social gossip. "Marilyn's going about with the big girls, with her coat hung on her shoulders. And she's only nine!"

To us adults, who have forgotten our teens, this craving for prematurity seems fantastic.

Who would dream of carrying a furred rose-bud into a hot room to make it full-blown? Yet this is what teenagers try to do to themselves.

All very distressing. But whose fault is it? I believe parents partly blame themselves to blame. At any rate, I can see three ways of helping our children to keep young.

FIRST. Don't overwork such phrases as, "You can't do that yet, you're only a child. Wait till you're older."

Instead of telling them to wait, find them something enjoyable to do now appropriate to their age. You remember the White Queen's slogan in Alice? "Jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, but never jam today."

Help them choose good books. Go to the public library with them. Suggest suitable films. Arrange outdoor activities. Give them subscriptions to clubs. Study their tastes. Above all, take trouble.

SECOND. Give more praise to the glories of youth. Why do we pay so few compliments to our children's complexion, hair, energy, curiosity, gaiety?

Let us try new tactics. Instead of saluting out with ostentatious "perm"—thereby influencing our teenagers with desire to do the same—speak a word of praise for their own smooth heads. "Aren't you lucky to have that thick, shining hair? I only wish I could still wear mine straight!"

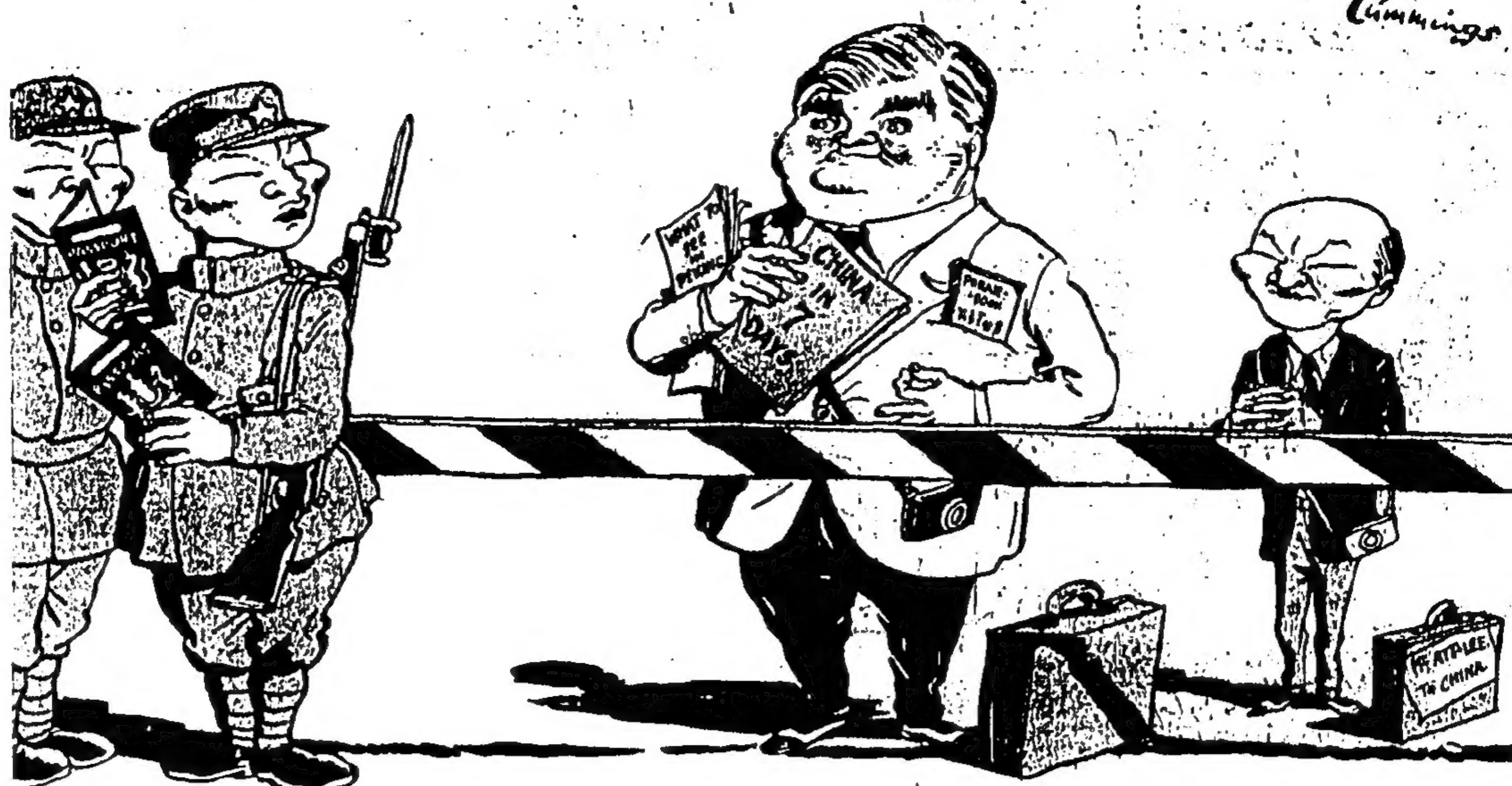
THIRD. Don't remove all discipline the moment they leave school. Be as home when they are. And don't turn them out on a summer evening, even for the sake of having some peace.

When my eldest daughter was approaching what he considered a "dangerous age," her great-uncle, a poet, sent her a poem which began like this:

"Take for thy guide the daffodil, That does not smoke, and never wilt."

Among thy chief advisers place The rose, that does not paint her face."

We all want our children to resemble the lilies of the field. For besides not tanning or spinning, they neither powder nor paint.



"Mm...one Western barbarian—but who is the inscrutable Chinese gentleman behind?"

London Express Service

## THEY CALL IT BOKC\*

It's a boxing match where no one gets knocked out

From RENE MacCOLL

Tashkent, Uzbekistan, Soviet Central Asia. IT'S a lovely evening, so let's stroll round to the "Park of Rest and Culture," and there have a look at the boxing.

What—boxing in old Tashkent? Oh, but yes, only here they spell it b-o-k-c. It amounts to the same thing, or almost.

The Park of Rest and Culture is a leafy spot with open-air orchestra platforms, women selling ice-cream, someone singing through an amplifier, a profusion of statues, and some satirical political cartoons concerning foreign events which are evidently to the liking of the passers-by.

We plank down our 10s. apiece and so to the front row at the b-o-k-c.

\*Bokc, m. boxing; pugilism; Bokc, m. boxer; pugilist.

It takes place on the stage of an open air concert auditorium and we are sitting in the front row of the stalls with maybe a couple of hundred fans behind us. The stage is pretty crowded. On each flank of the roped-off square there is a large bank of stragglers and supporters and hangers-on, maybe 30 or so.

Then at the back behind a long table sit eight or nine officials, all taking notes, including four young men.

The referees rotate—there is a young and most intent chap who wears a Ukrainian typh blouse with embroidery down the front, a stout, bustling, middle-aged man with gold-rimmed glasses who takes no nonsense from anyone, and a youth so slim that you expect him to collapse from the wind of the, oh so missed, right swings.

### Those silences

At the start of each fight the two contestants and the referee stand to attention facing the audience, the referee in the middle. Then the man in charge at the long table intones the names over a loudspeaker.

Each man on hearing his name takes a stiff half-pace forward, brings his heels together and steps back again. No applause. No cheers. No nothing.

It's that same strange silence that accompanied the horse-racing back there in Moscow. Some day I may perhaps find out just what does excite a crowd in the Soviet Union, but the day is not yet.

### Those counts

THE fights start and after a few seconds of tear-away action there comes a halt.

Someone has hit someone else a bash on the jaw.

The receiver doesn't go down, he doesn't even seem much hurt, but the man who has landed walks away, turns his back and the referee proceeds to a quick count—with the struck man on his feet and visibly not dazed.

During the entire evening, and perhaps 30 fights, I saw not a single knock-out and only one semi-knock-down—more of a slip than anything.

The chaps were hitting with everything they'd got and there was quite a bit of blood, mainly noses.

They all looked in fine training and, of course, we ran the gamut of racial types—for this part of the world has been invaded pretty regularly down the centuries and the faces of the inhabitants mirror what has gone before in the way of Persian or Arab or Tartar invaders. Blond young Russians, dark, dark Uzbeks, Chinese faces, and some unclassifiable. Everyone all aggression from the opening bell, and the favourite blow was a roundhouse swing. Very clean fighting and almost no holding.

### Those talks

EVERY fight started with the referee calling "B-o-k-c" and plunging his arm down as the signal to start. At each infringement he would cry "Stop" in English, and then lecture the lads with severity.

Just one of all those fighters displayed what we would call a classic straight left—and he won by a mile.

Once a referee strode across the ring and tore a strip off a second who was wearing a cap at his work. Looking sheepish, the luckless fellow passed his

cap to one of the camp followers near by.

The fights were for the Central Tashkent City champion-ships, and I saw nobody over welter-weight. I guess heavies around here are as rare as bawling hats.

The men were all poker-faced and took what was coming to them with dogged courage—whatever their race or colour. The only people who displayed any emotion were the referees.

### Those stares

AT the end of each fight the two scrappers and the referee would again line up shoulder to shoulder and stare woodenly out over our heads, with the referee grasping each man by the wrist.

After a whispered chat at the long bench the referee would get the nod and up would go the winner's hand to no applause whatever. A brief handshake and out to the dressing-rooms in dead silence. All very cultural and restful.

### P.S.

AS WE LEFT I said to my guide: "In England we do not start counting until one of the men is knocked down."

He replied: "In the Soviet Union we are more humane. It is not necessary to be brutally felled."

See, MacColl! And the Afghan border only an hour off. And Tashkent the Great Invader passed this way.

## Parliament Guards Its Customs

By J. W. TAYLOR

THE British House of Commons is extremely jealous of its rights and privileges, and in certain respects it observes ancient customs as zealously as former Parliaments did in the days they were started centuries ago.

This was soon impressed upon one MP recently as he moved to seek information and was bewildered to be greeted with loud cries of "Order! Order!" with the question still unasked. He turned to find Members all around him pointing to his feet and then jumped backwards quickly as if away from the edge of a cliff top.

Technically, he had been deemed to have stood with one foot over a precipice in offending Parliamentary good taste and custom by putting a foot over one of the red lines which runs along the green carpet on either side of the debating chamber.

The lines were put down originally because in earlier days MPs on opposite sides of the House were often drawn into sword fights in the middle of the floor—and it really did make such a mess of the carpet. The strict rule was established that Members in future should not cross the lines during debate, and it has been enforced ever since. The distance between the two lines has always been two sword's lengths.

### Privileges

There are many privileges, rights and customs Parliament has earned over the centuries, and they are not to be trifled with, as the offender against privilege would soon discover. He can be summoned before a special committee, and, if serious enough, to the Bar of the House itself. This is the dividing line over which no "Stranger" may pass. It is also marked on the carpet, but a telescopic Bar is pulled out from a case on the floor and used on special occasions. Members who address their fellow Members must commit a breach. It must be "The Honourable and Gallant Gentleman" for an officer MP; "The Honourable and Learned Gentleman" for a Queen's Counsel; and "The Right Honourable Gentleman" for a Privy Counsellor.

Mention of another MP of the same name calls for "My Honourable Friend the Member for..." and for one of another party the word "friend" is dropped for "The Honourable Gentleman."

Members may only be named by the Speaker, either when he selects the next speaker in a debate or approves an MP for unruly or unseemly conduct. The Speaker is the subject to a motion to suspend him, and its approval calls for the Sergeant-at-Arms to escort him from the premises. There can be no return until the Commons approve and due apology offered.

### Royal Messages

Since the days in 1643 when the House was fighting for its independence from the King Charles I, who once supervised the arrest of seven MPs during a debate, no reigning monarch has been allowed to enter the House of Commons. This is why Parliament is always opened by the Sovereign from the House of Lords, from whence a Royal Command to attend the House is sent by Gentlemen Usher of the Black Rod, in whose face the Commons door is slammed, as in the days when Royal messages were always suspect by the Commons, thus signifying their independence.

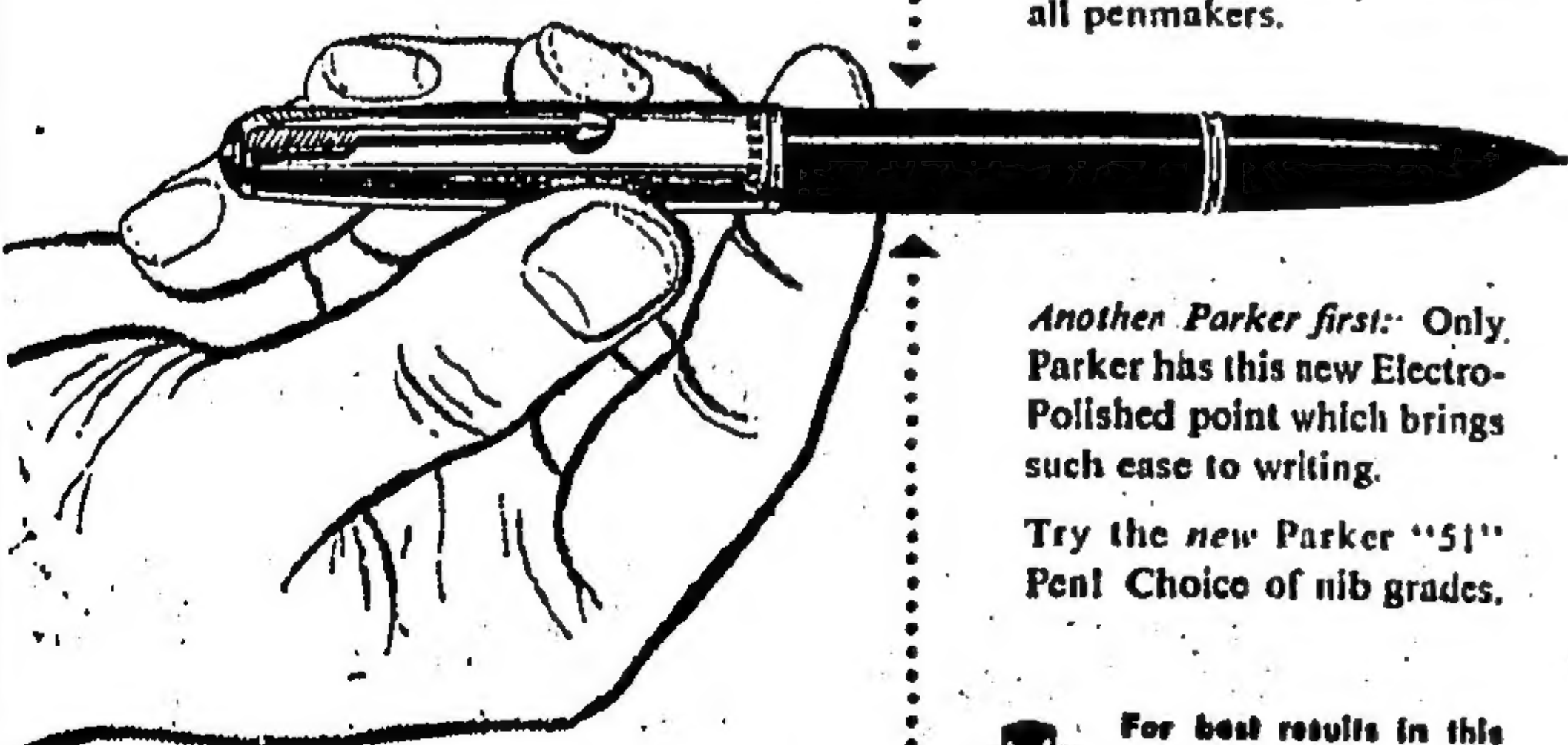
Most respected personage in the Commons today is the Speaker. There was a time in the days before the Civil War when his office was not readily sought by Members, lest one fell a victim of the then current suspicion that the holder was the King's spy, days when it was often necessary to use force to make a Member take the Chair. Tradition now requires present-day Commons to take the man chosen to be Speaker by the arms and for the candidate to struggle as he is bodily propelled to the Chair.

### Spy Scare

The spy scare at one time caused the Commons to discuss finance after forming itself into a special committee and request the Speaker to wait outside. Modern Budgets are always discussed in committee at one particular stage in keeping with this old custom. Some members still maintain the old custom on special days of London fairs, the houses wearing top hats and removing them only when rising to speak. The strange sight has been seen of a top-hatted Conservative member sitting amidst Socialist Cabinet Ministers because ancient tradition allows him as MP representing the City of London fairs, the houses wearing top hats and removing them only when rising to speak.

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## HE MADE THE V-WEAPONS

By Milton Shulman

A DREAM saved countless thousands of English lives. It came to Adolf Hitler in 1943. No V.2 would ever reach England.

Obviously the word trickled down through the Nazi chain-of-command. Peenemunde, the experimental rocket station, was to be given no priority in labour or materials. An ambitious production programme of 300 rockets a month ground down almost to a halt.

Then four months later the Fuehrer was shown a film of the first successful launching of a large-scale rocket. The event had actually taken place in October 1942.

The imposing sight of this 40ft. missile travelling at over 3,000 miles an hour stirred in Hitler grandiose hopes of a quick German victory. The rocket was designed to carry one ton of high explosive, have a range of 160 miles, and hit the earth with an impact corresponding to 50,000 tons of 100 tons each all racing along together at 60 miles an hour.

"What I want is annihilation—annihilating effect," shouted the Fuehrer, frantically making plans for more and bigger rockets.

But, Major-General Walter Dornberger, who was responsible for the development of the long-range rocket and who has

told his incredible story in V.2 (Hurst and Blackett, 16s.), knew that it was already too late.

Even Hitler sensed that his intuition had sadly let him down. "I have had to apologise to two men only in my life," he said to Dornberger, after seeing the V.2 film. "The first was Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch. I did not listen to him when he told me again and again how important your research was. The second man is yourself. I never believed that your work would be successful."

This waste of a critical year in the development of the rocket is only part of a staggering tale of ineptitude, short-sightedness, and bureaucratic bungling. The German reputation for technical efficiency will have a hard time living down the fiasco of the V.2.

For research on rocket propulsion for military purposes was started away back in 1929. Most of the scientists in the department had entered the work because of their interest in the possibilities of space travel. For years they patiently carried on

with their dangerous and exhausting studies with nothing but abuse or indifference from officialdom.

Hitler paid only one visit to Peenemunde—in 1939—and then he was obviously bored by the entire business. When war began rockets were given low-priority production.

Fortunately, Churchill took the V.2 far more seriously than did Hitler. A stray experimental rocket landing in Sweden warned us of the deadly possibilities of such a weapon.

On August 17, 1943, Peenemunde was struck by 311 heavy Allied bombers. Forty of them failed to come back.

"The results," writes Churchill, "were of capital importance. But for this raid Hitler's bombardment of London by rockets might well have started early in 1944. In fact it was delayed until September."

General Dornberger says this was not so. "Although the Peenemunde" said killed 289 people, including two scientists, the damage to the most important buildings was surprisingly small." He estimates

the delay in production at no more than four to six weeks.

The first V.2 fell in Chiswick on September 8, 1944. Almost 1,200 were successfully launched against England, and they killed 2,274 and seriously injured 6,470.

Is General Dornberger right when he says that the V.2 might have had a decisive influence on the course of the war had Hitler's co-operation enabled them to fire rockets against England some two years earlier?

General Eisenhower would appear to share this view. For he has written: "It seemed likely that if the German had succeeded in perfecting and using these new weapons six months earlier than he did our invasion of Europe would have proved exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible."

Although V.2 is a story of failure and frustration, it is difficult to shed many tears for its author. The sight of those monstrous, death-dealing missiles makes him almost apologetic.

"Potent joy swept over me," he writes, as the champagne more and more V.2's. "This call must be through with happy, contented workers. I must hear in it the roaring, pounding, whistling, humming, faintly varied notes of work in progress." Dornberger eventually bought his happiness by an end



## By Ex-King Peter Of Yugoslavia

**BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION**



# Where I took my betting diploma

**I AM THE RINGER**—the confession of the man who owned Francasal—by **MAURICE WILLIAMS**

**HOW DOES a man graduate from small-time betting to the Big Time, when he bets in hundreds without a tremor? One way is in the tough school of greyhound racing. Here, Maurice Williams, the actual Ringer in the biggest racehorse swindle of the century, describes his "education." We are telling his story because it is more than the story of one man. It is the story of the modern Edgar Wallace world, the quick-money world.**

**T**HE man in breeches and gaiters led the dog up and down the auction rooms in St Martin's Lane.

It looked like any other greyhound which was being sold at Aldridge's auction rooms, which is the Tattersall's of the greyhound world.

The farmers in their tweeds, the West End greyhound fanciers in their Savile Row checks and bowler hats, the dog-track commandos with their pointed shoes, did not notice the excited young man in the belted fawn coat who nodded to the auctioneer.

The greyhound was knocked down to him for 50 shillings.

I can still see the crowd of upper class greyhound lovers, farmers and plain pre-war spivies. I can still remember the excitement I felt as I led the dog out into St Martin's Lane.

## Trial run

**B**ECAUSE I was the boy in the fawn coat. A man with the gambling fever remembers the day he bought his first greyhound as another man remembers when he fell in love.

I walked the dog home to Kentish Town and let him sleep in the kitchen. Next day I took him to a nearby greyhound track for a trial run. When the hare started to move along the track the other dogs streaked after it.

My greyhound—I called him Tommy Boy—just looked at it with disinterest. Again and again I tried him, but he just would not chase the hare.

Some of the more knowledgeable characters around the track said: "He'll be all right with a bit of schooling."

I paid 15s. a week, which was a lot of money for a youth of my age, to have him trained. After three weeks he was still looking at the hare without curiosity.

It was then that I realised there was more to greyhound racing than I thought. I gave up any grand ideas of being a racing dog owner for the time being.

## Studying form

**G**REYHOUND racing was just becoming popular in those days over 20 years ago. The track owners were anxious to attract people so they were lavish with their free tickets. One of their most persistent free ticket customers was myself.

Those early days on the greyhound tracks were comparable in my life to a university education. In my education as a professional gambler I took my diploma at these institutions which enable men with not too much money but an overpowering urge to gamble to play their fancies.

I dodged among the crowds, heard a whisper here, caught a nod there. I studied all the form books, I noted every piece of information. I began to size up the dogs with ever-increasing acumen. And soon I was able to spot a good thing and put money on it.

It very often came up. This sound, say when you read about it, but it demands day-long, year-long application of the sort that normally only professors give to research work.

## Flapping track

**T**HE greyhounds are in some ways the social Cinderella of racing. But the bottom of this sporting ladder is the "flapping track."

A flapping track is a small, unlicensed track in a field, often outside London.

There they set up a motor-car engine with a wire to wind the hare across the field.

There are not so many of them nowadays, but in the early thirties there were large numbers of fields where you could run a greyhound.

They were very useful to the professional gambler. Dogs could be tried out where no one could report on their performance and spoil the betting. And men with little money could own and race dogs on these tracks.

I made quite a lot of money at the flapping tracks.

## Boring jobs

**T**HE good things did not always come off and sometimes I had to go to work to eat. In periods when the dogs were not running for me I worked as a house painter. But I always regarded the job as a boring interlude between bets.

Most people work on until they are too old to enjoy themselves. They look forward to a pension at 65. I decided I was going to give up work much earlier than that. I did—at 25.

I was able to devote my time to my only interest in life—planning betting coups.

I also acquired another name. A lot of people around the greyhound stadiums will still remember me, I expect, by the name of Micky Lynch.

I got the name by accident. I hurried to enter a dog I had just bought in a race in which I had planned a small coup. Then I discovered a snag. The registration of ownership had not been altered in time. The former owner, a Mr Lynch, was safely in Ireland.

Who was to know? If I did not do something quickly the dog would not run in the race. So I said I was Mr Lynch.

The dog won and the name stuck. The name Lynch seemed

lucky to me. Like all betting men who live by luck—and a little manipulation—I am superstitious in these matters. So I kept the name.

It was shortly after this that I went into greyhound ownership as a business.

In the first year I did very well. My bank account—which I kept in a box in my pocket—showed a nice balance at the end of the year.

I became owner of a fast greyhound called Land Annulities. When I bought him he was a reddish fawn puppy. But he was a good one. I knew his pedigree. He was by Mussolini out of Concerto II, which was to prove a winning breed.

I had come a long way in the few years since I bought my first dog. Land Annulities was a sportsman's dream. I smiled with satisfaction when I tried him out.

I took him to a flapping track. I changed his name, of course. I was not giving any clues away to razor-eyed, rapacious bystanders.

A dog called Sporty won the race. Sporty was the name I gave to Land Annulities for the afternoon. Shortly afterwards he made his first appearance under his own name but under the ownership of Micky Lynch at West Ham. He was beaten by Handy Gift, but he qualified for the final heat of the West Ham Cesarewitch. He finished second to that great dog Lutwyche.

In his third race on a proper licensed track Land Annulities won. He went on winning and I raked in £600 in prize money alone within 12 months.

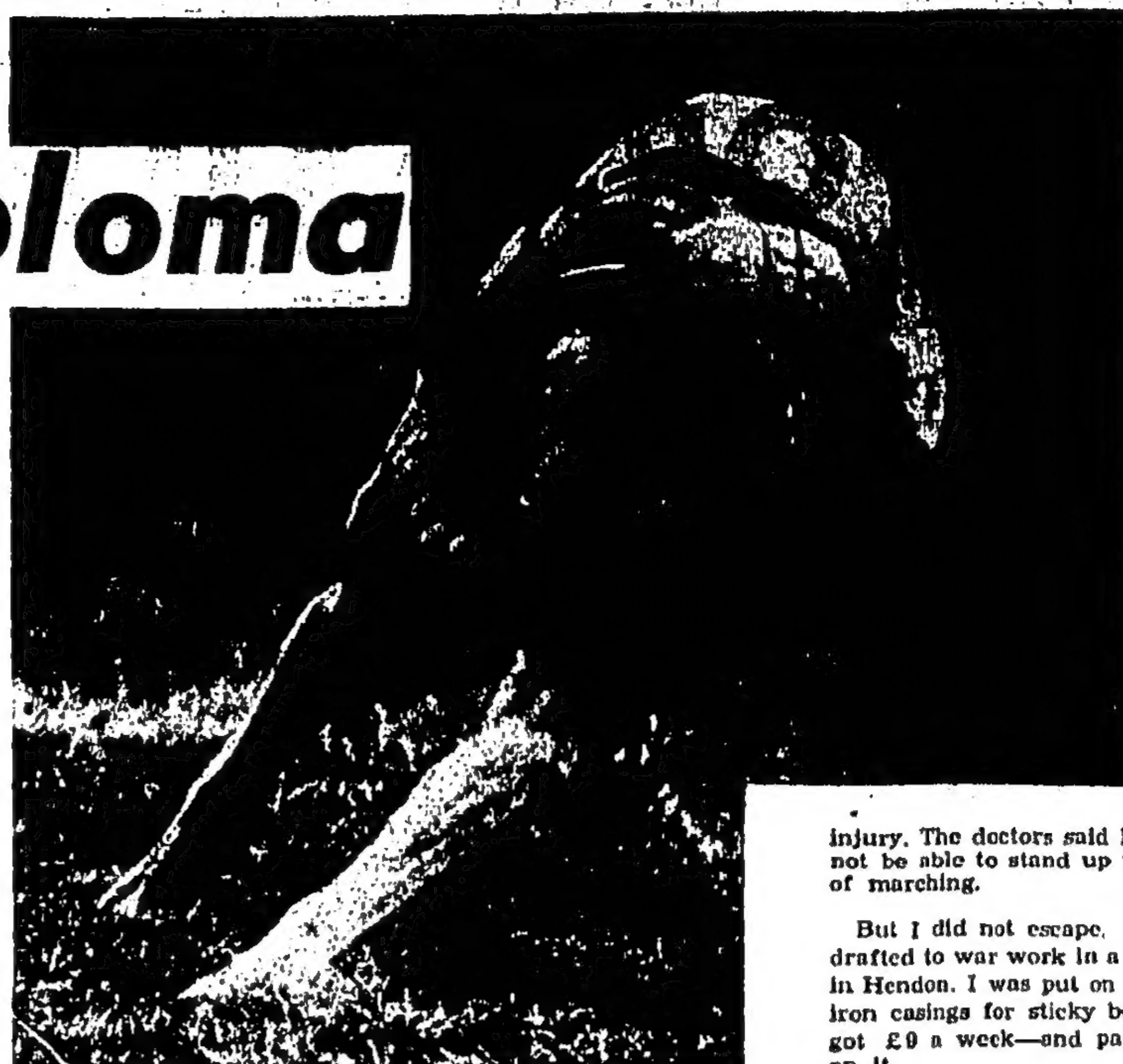
These days it is almost impossible to fiddle with a dog like that. There are too many safeguards to stop people like me. Markings are recorded down to the last detail.

But those were great days. I can still remember the night under the smoky lamps of Harringay when Grampton Range, a dog I owned, beat Border Mutton, the champion. Border Mutton was odds on favourite. But my dog came home at 33 to 1. It was one of the most memorable evenings in my life.

But I have never had phenomenal good fortune on the tracks unless I have nudged my luck a little. I shall always think enviously of a school friend of mine who walked into Harringay one night with 5s. in his pocket. With this he pro-

## Against rules

**I**T was the experience of racing dogs under false names in the fields near London that first gave me the idea of being a funder. What I did with Land Annulities was, of course, against every rule of honest racing. It is against one of the strictest rules of greyhound racing to take a dog from a "flapper" to a licensed track.



The dogs and Micky Lynch... 'I expect they still remember me' (for 'Micky Lynch' was Maurice Williams.)

I would have been warned off if I had been discovered. But when you are a professional backer you have to take these sort of chances occasionally. It was done by other people all the time.

Those were the free and easy days of greyhound racing when it was easy to fiddle yourself a bit of poppy. The rules were lax and there were many loopholes in them. The chances of your dog being recognised in an obscure field outside London were exceedingly small.

And, of course, every penny of it was mine. Income tax? Never heard of it.

I freely admit that, war or no war, the whole situation was very painful to me. Work alone—without income tax—thrown in—was enough to give me spots before the eyes.

So I cannot say I was very sad when I turned up one morning to find the factory had vanished. Nazi bombers had reduced it to rubble. The workers were to be transferred to other plants.

I have never had a sensational success like that. But before the war I was doing extremely well. I was going to greyhound meetings every night, mostly with £500 in notes in my pocket. I was regularly making a middle class income of between £25 and £40 a week.

I still had £1,000 tucked away from my old greyhound gains. So back to the tracks with it I went. I was extremely happy for the chance to get away from that badly paid job where they took the tax out of your pocket before they handed it to you.

I might as well have been married as stuck with a job like that. And as everyone knows a true gambling man will never marry until the last racecourse closes.

I was called up for an Army medical. I was rejected because of knee trouble which was a hangover from an old football

injury. The doctors said I would not be able to stand up to a lot of marching.

But I did not escape. I was drafted to war work in a factory in Hendon. I was put on making iron casings for sticky bombs. I got £9 a week—and paid tax on it.

I turned that six shillings into £40. Within ten days he had turned that into £1,000. Then he set up as a professional tipster and I don't blame him.

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# NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES

First of a new Saturday series about some of Nature's queer animals

## THE KICKERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

**T**HE strange little animal was warm and very furry, and it kicked out hysterically with all four feet. The keeper gripped it firmly round the middle. Then he let out a piercing shriek, dropped the animal and gripped his right wrist, his face contorted with pain. The animal scuttled over the grass and slithered back into the pond.

This unexpected event took place many years ago in Australia, in a strange institution known as a platypussary. At that time it created a lot more public interest than you might suppose, for the keeper had not been just bitten or scratched, but actually poisoned—and by a mammal.

The significance of this was immediately appreciated by all naturalists, scientists, and almost everybody else who had ever had anything to do with live animals. The point was that while every-

one over its dry, grey hide, its trunk is curved but rigid, since the jawbones extend right down to its tip where both the mouth and nostrils are situated. This animal—which has no common English name but may be called the Proechidna—walks upright, but on the inner front sides of its feet.

All three animals dig—the Platypus making long tunnels from under the water into the banks of rivers, the Echidna in almost any kind of soil, and the Proechidna, for the most part, in very dry, stony soil. All three lay eggs which are leathery, like those of reptiles, and which are carried in a sort of primitive pouch under the belly of the mother to which they are stuck by a quick-drying, gooey substance that glues them together and to the fur and spines. However, when the eggs hatch the babies are fed on milk that oozes from the mother's pouch. These animals also have something else in common that is unique among mammals.

On the inside of the back legs, about the ankle joint, there are sharp spurs not unlike those of a fighting cock. These on the males are much larger



The duck-billed Platypus. An awkward appearing animal, it can move with lightning speed when alarmed. (Photo courtesy of The American Museum of Natural History.)

body knows that many reptiles and some fish can give you a poison punch, most people have never heard of a furred animal that can defend itself by injecting poison under its adversary's skin with a kind of super-hypodermic.

However, in the south and southeastern parts of Australia, and in the island of Tasmania, live certain extremely ancient and primitive mammals known as duck-billed platypuses. So extraordinary are these animals that the first stuffed specimens taken back to Europe were thought by scientists to be fakes, like the little mermaids that used to be made by sailors who sewed the top half of a small monkey to the back half of a salmon or other fish. Then, throughout Tasmania, Australia, and the great island of New Guinea, there exists a second oddity. It is a little, burrowing creature covered with quills, known as the Echidna, or Spiny ant-eater.

Finally, all over New Guinea there is also found what is probably the most amazing animal in the world. Everything about it seems impossible. It looks like a tiny elephant, but has small, sharp spines scatter-

ing over its body. The exact purpose of these weapons is not known, but the spurs are used by the males during rough-and-tumble fights over the females at the beginning of the mating season. Although bumbling beasts, all of them, and notably the Platypus, can move with lightning speed if alarmed, and can bring their spurs into play from almost any direction and reach almost every part of their bodies. These spurs will pierce and gash your hands while the poison is oozing from their tips.

The pain is sharp and at first numbing, then it seems to break through into the rest of the body of the victim, and may cause wild convulsions with pains in the chest and abdomen. However, the only effects may be little worse than a hornet's sting, and remain entirely local. The wounds, nevertheless, take an inordinately long time to heal, and often become infected.

If you pick up a wild animal you almost expect to be bitten or scratched, but you hardly expect to be the recipient of a poison punch. So beware, for there are even furred things that can sting.

# The Crime Writers Go In For Propaganda

By Les Armour

**L**ONDON. A SKELETON smoking a cigarette, a stuffed dummy Metropolitan Policeman, and a notice from a certain Mr James Berry, one-time public hangman, proclaiming his abilities to present the secrets of his trade "without vulgarity," are tastefully arranged in the Mayfair halls of the National Book League.

With them go a hangman's noose gaily swinging from the ceiling, the telegram dispatched to Scotland Yard by Detective Dew when he arrested Dr Crippen, and a couple of meat choppers which once figured in dire deeds.

Madame Tussaud's might be expected to complain of unfair competition. Madame charges three bob to see her heroes and an extra bob for the horrors, while the National Book League lets you off with a paltry shilling.

But no. The intent of the exhibition is not to horrify, but to raise the prestige of crime writers. As might be expected, this project is the work of the Crime Writers' Association.

And what is wrong with the prestige of crime writers?

Crime, as Mr Boris Karloff pointed out on opening day, is distinctly a paying proposition when it is kept between book covers.

So it is not that crime writers are forgotten cast-offs in society.

The trouble, one gathers, is that the public, while it continues to buy more thrillers than any other kind of literature, refuses to take its crime reading seriously.

## What is wrong?

Critics do not refer to "the masterful moving prose" of Miss Agatha Christie or the "powerful dramatic style" of Mr Edmund Crippen.

Instead, if they consider the matter at all, they are apt to toss it off as "another cracking good whodunit."

But just what is wrong seems to be a matter of dispute.

Part of the purpose of the exhibition, featuring hundreds of books as well as the horrors, is to show the wide range of the field—from tingling tales for tiny tots to rambling philo-

sophical accounts with an occasional hurried reference to the "Ultimate Good."

The exhibit of Messrs Macmillan, featuring two scholarly textbooks called "Social Problems" and "Juvenile Delinquency," may, perhaps, be stretching the point a little far. But the point is no doubt there.

The difficulty, some members feel, is that the reading public equates crime writing with the "Put 'em up, bang you're dead, and pour me a drink" school.

Accordingly, the current issue of The Crime Writer—distributed to all visitors—contains a dissertation against "hopping."

## Gone Sceptical?

Others feel that the public has grown sceptical of the queer goings-on chronicled in crime novels.

That is being rectified by a question-and-answer service with ex-Superintendent Cherrill of The Yard handing out answers.

## JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a **San Miguel**



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

TAKING THE PLACE OF 'SEE-WHAT-I'VE-GOT-ON... ' IS

## THE SMART EASY-TO-WEAR IDEA

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

THE dressed-up look is going, going, gone. It's gasping its last without a tear from me.

Any woman who is self-consciously got up to kill looks right out of this year's fashion picture.

There are still some women about with that "See-what-I've-got-on" expression. But they have nothing to do with fashion as I see it.

It's hard to find the right word for the new way of wearing clothes, but I suppose "casual" is the nearest—so long as that isn't taken to imply the faintest suspicion of untidiness.

Perhaps "wearable" is nearer the mark. "Degage" is nearer still, only I hate to use a French word if an English one will do the job.

The point of it is, that once your clothes are chosen and on your body you forget about them.

## Clues

If you have a dress that has to be managed, or a hat that has to be held on, or accessories you have to clutch round you, or a midriff swathed so tight that you can't breathe, then by the new standards you are overdone.

So going, going, gone... the black day dress with jewels; the large-brimmed picture hat or heavily trimmed, unbecomingly perched hat fixed with lots of pins; the fancy coiffure.

Going, going, gone... difficult-to-wear accessories like the daytime stole; the hard suit with too-tight shoulders and armholes; the uncomfortable dress with tricky drapery, or a complicated neckline, or too much stiffening or padding you can't sit down.

Going, going, gone... hard handbags and elaborate gloves; slick, conventional jewellery (diamond or pseudo-diamond clips come bottom of the poll); accessories too carefully matched.

## On the way up

So coming up... the easy, easy suit; the brushed-through hair—day, heavenly rough materials; wonderful colours.

Coming up... the shirt dress at all hours of the day, in fabrics from tweed to satin; pockets, pockets, pockets; nonchalant hats, from Garbo pull-ons to tam-o'-shanters; round round bands, soft handbags and hand-stitched gloves a size too large.

## For example

Bringing it down to people... you'll find that the women with real style will wear pretty but wearable hats. Small hats always, now, for the Begum Aga Khan, for Mrs. John Dewar, for Lady Ednam.

You'll find more and more women wearing their hair brushed rather than combed; more of the casual coiffures of Constance Cummings, Lady Blandford or the Duchess of Rutland, rather than the careful rows of curls of Mrs. Gerald Legge.

You'll see more of the bands-in-pockets gesture and easy way of standing of Lady Reel (Penelope Dudley Ward), Mrs. John Wyndham, Lady Cowdray, less of the formal,



Left: Easy and wearable for the beach, for a boat or an open car—a headband that won't slip away in the wildest wind. It's made of a length of leopard-print cotton stitched round a plastic bandeau. It wears with a suntop to match. It answers the hardest holiday problem—keeping tidy in a breeze.



Centre: Easy and wearable for lunch, cocktail or even dinner, the essence of the new informal look. The dress, by C.D. Models, of patterned silk and wool is worn with a mere nothing of a tam-o'-shanter. Note the casual collar, short gloves, unpressed pleats, the fur stung round the arm, the way the model stands.



Right: Easy and wearable for a hot summer day, a simple dress that never descends into sloppiness. The dress is cotton, the cut is plain, there is no jewellery, no hat. But perfect pressing, a well-cut collar and short white gloves take it right out of the tub frock class, make it right for a hot day in any resort.

jewelled look. Even Lady Dicker has changed from velvet, pearls, and clusters of furs to relatively simple suits. Even in Paris, last fortress of formal dressing (query: is that why the Americans and English are buying more and

more from Italy?) you can go to a cocktail party and see women toning down the effect of the famous dressy Paris hats with very simple, very casual suits.

A warning about this wearable look. It has nothing to do

with carelessness, untidiness, sloppiness, or lack of thought in choosing what you wear.

You can pull it off without a lot of money.

But it does require a tremendous sense of style.

(London Express Service.)

## How To Apply Your Make-up For A Day In The Open Air

By LADY BOYLE

ARE you going to any outdoor sporting event, when your make-up has to last all day, and your face may be exposed to sun, wind or showers? A colourless foundation liquid offers an excellent protective film against all three.

Next smooth in your coloured base lightly with an upward movement, and "fix" it by putting a tissue

on your face and patting it gently. This also removes the surplus.

While waiting for the base to make your skin smoothly receptive, "fatten" your eyebrows with short strokes, using a pencil to match your colouring.

When you are ready to powder your face, powder over your pencilled eyebrows too. It gives them a natural look, and you can take off the surplus with a licked finger.

With a day in the open air ahead of you, this is not the time to use a "floury" technique. I suggest you use a powder to counter-act the yellow cast which develops at the nostrils and chin.

If you haven't any, a "make-do" which works is to put a lighter coloured powder in your compact for retouching purposes.

If you favour the glowing, slightly shiny look which I noticed on Martine Alexis, the French film star, it can be achieved with a pad of cotton wool soaked in cold water, wrung out well, flattened into a pad and then patted over the powdered finished make-up. This look is most attractive for young girls, even in glaring sunshine.

As a matter of fact, the pad of damp cotton wool is very useful for patching up before repowdering. It seems to bring the skin to life.

## DON'T TRY IT

If you go sun-bathing, observe this important rule: never fry the skin of your face. That's what oil will do to it, for it bubbles in the sun. It is just the thing for the body, which needs more grease, but for the face, choose one of the special creams that will give you a smooth, matt finish while encouraging the sun's ultra-violet rays.

If you're a sun-worshiper like me, you probably spend some time on the beach lying flat on your back in its rays. It's bad to expose one's eyelids to the glare, but dark glasses leave patches of white. The solution is to find small sea-shells, dip them in the sea every now and then, to keep them cool, and lie with one over each eye.

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—London Express Service.

## ONE'S THE LIMIT!

How much should a young girl drink?

Tragic figures published by the Economic Research Council reveal "increased" intoxication among the under 21s. Girls are the principal offenders.

Life for the young girl today is not as bright a path as it was for her mother. She has a harder time, more temptations, more dangers. She is more likely to be misled, more likely to be deceived, more likely to be disappointed.

Don't let the young girl today be misled, deceived, disappointed. Let her be happy, healthy, and successful. Let her be a young girl who is a young girl.

—Dorothy Barkley

## GLAMOUR AFTER DARK

By Eileen Ascroft

London. WHAT a change has come over the West End after dark.

Women have started to dress up again for theatres and dining—and miraculously, so have the men. At the theatre recently I counted 10 dinner jackets and two young men in tails.

Clubs that have experienced four chilly, empty months since Christmas are filling again. Dance floors are returning to the old intimate huddle.

And who deserves the credit for all this? I give the marks to our elegant visitors. This is the month when wealthy American tourists come to London and smart women arrive from the Continent for our summer social season. It works on the old decoy duck principle. We English take note of our spit-and-polish visitors and try to live up to them.

## BRAVE MEN

Dining in a club off Berkeley Square the other day I noted six of the prettiest restaurant hats I have seen this summer. Three were American, one French, but two were worn by Englishwomen.

There were three flower buttonholes in male lapels in the bar before dinner—a garden rose, cornflowers and a red carnation. And I dined in one of London's after-dark garden restaurants with an elegant young man in a pink satin tie, with a pale pink carnation to match. He petals had attractive red tips. From the Chelsea Flower Show? No. He achieved the bright red tips with his wife's lipstick.

Cooler touch of elegance on post-Epsom dance floors was provided by men brave enough to adopt white or cream dinner jackets. And it is not just the young men who are becoming clothes-conscious, but many of the older ones as well.

The secret of feminine elegance and glamour after dark is not a vast, expensive wardrobe. It is this: One beautifully cut frock in good uncrushable material and a fairly dark colour—half-length, mid-calf or ballerina but not brushing the floor.

It should have a cover-up jacket of its own materials, so that it is not too dressy for dining. And it should "undress" to a décolleté top, glamorous enough for the smartest dance floor.

## MAD HATS

Add to this faultless accessories, one piece of jewellery that sparkles in the lights and one, two or three nonsense hats.

These need the most careful choosing of all. For an evening hat must be mad gay, flattering, outrageous or nonsensical—or it is not worth wearing at all.

Black spot of Mayfair after dark is the musical world. Ballet, opera or concert audiences remain frosty, arty and messy. Favourite male attire is country tweeds or flannel bags. Women favour comfortable shoes, sexless sweaters, shapeless skirts and loads of inartistic beads.

I sat next to one young man who survived the whole of a ballet performance with a thick woollen scarf swathed round his neck.

But the musical world apart, a miracle is happening after dark. The West End is becoming fashionable again.

One of those one-all creatures with eyes in all sides of his head—a London barman—said to me: "I've worked in Paris and the South of France, but I've never known a smarter clientele than this."

—London Express Service.

## If You Want To Be In Fashion—“Do As The ROMANS Do”



Three-piece outfit— from Dorville— for the beach: coolie hat in shiny scarlet straw; roll-top sweater in multicoloured cotton and needlecord jeans.

WHEN the Italian designers decided to go in for beachwear in a big way a few years ago, they certainly started something.

What they started—and the beachwear departments in London's stores and the salons of London's wholesalers now bear witness to the fact—was a revolution. They gave beach wear new life, new colours, new styles and fabrics, and they threw out the dowdy old styles to be carried away by the fashion tide.

## ALL FROM ROME

In Italy, of course, the women saw to it that the revolution occurred overnight. The new styles came in, were mapped up, and the old styles thrown away.

But in cautious London it took longer. When the new styles arrived two years ago, women looked at the crazy one-pointed straw hats and the fantastic sweaters with football stripes, and asked: "What on earth is that?" or remarked: "Well, you won't see me wearing that," or "They will never sell here."

How wrong they were. For things have changed now. This year everyone has been won over, and women are quite happily doing what the Romans do in fashion. For the Romans have at last convinced us that when it comes to beachwear styles, all the fashion roads lead from Rome.

London. sweaters with multicoloured stripes. The sweaters, sleeveless and tubular in shape, have wide halter collars and obligingly adapt themselves to fit all sizes. (See illustration.)

Colourful skirts with pom-pom patterns are another of this year's Italian imports. In a new cotton-finished satin they carry one of the latest Italian tricks. They are lined with various, a new synthetic material, to make them stand out and this means that you will not have to wear a special stiff petticoat with them.

Tankies is a new substitute for the tailor's canvas normally used for stiffening and its main advantage is that it can be washed and washed without losing any of its stiffness. (Besides being used to stiffen full skirts, it is used to line suit revers and pockets.)

Capri has inspired one of the new beach skirts. In cotton and tailored like a man's, this skirt has a beach cartoon pattern printed all over it depicting Capri sunbathers.

## THE FANTASTIC

The latest caps have to be seen to be believed. They are mostly tam-o'-shanters. I noticed one in blue wool trimmed all over with small spiky pieces of coral, and another in black with small sea shells sewn round the edge. Others with very small ornate hat-like trims of coloured raffia, and straw hats had bamboo servings attached either side.

Most interesting of this year's accessories is a face-concealing hat. It is a long, narrow, made of mesh, and looks like a very small ornate hat. It is worn over the face and the eyes are seen through the mesh. It is a very new and very interesting accessory.

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AT the Tung Wah Hospital charity ball held at the Skyroom last week. From left: The Hon. R. B. Black, Mrs R. R. Todd, His Excellency the Governor, Mr Seaward Woo, Chairman of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, Lady Grantham, the Hon. R. R. Todd, Mrs R. B. Black and the Hon. T. N. Chau. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken after the christening at the Rosary Church last Sunday of Patiwa Ann, daughter of Mr and Mrs T. Durkin. (Staff Photographer)



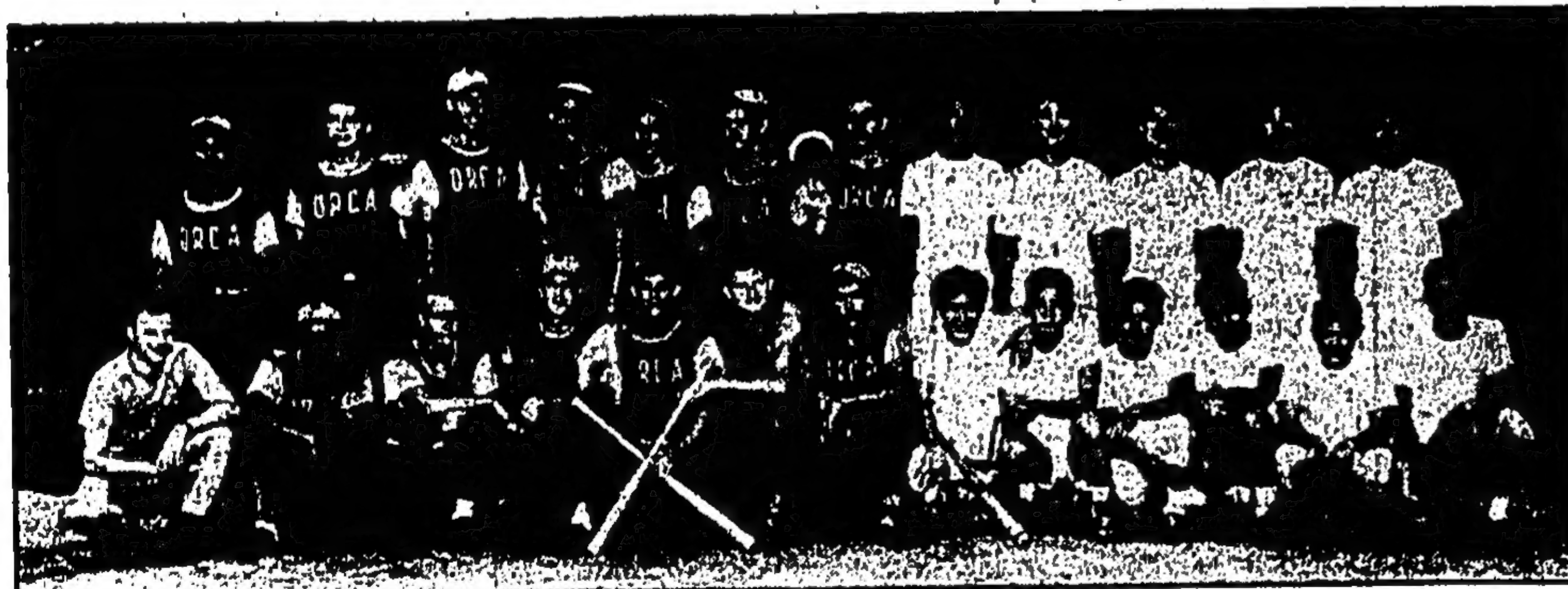
NURSES of the St John Ambulance Brigade leaving St John's Cathedral after the special service last Sunday in observance of St John's Day. (Staff Photographer)



MR Edward Hunter, author of the best-selling book, "Brainwashing in Red China," addressing members of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East on Wednesday. Mr Hunter is revisiting Hongkong in the course of a round-world lecture trip. (Staff Photographer)



PHOTOGRAPHED on his arrival at Kai Tak last week is Lt-Gen. de Lenglade, Deputy Commander of the French Union Forces in Indo-China. On right is Brigadier R. H. Bellamy, Chief of Staff to the Commander, British Forces, and on the left is the French Consul, Viscount Jacques de Soreac de Buzon. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: USS Orca and Chinese Athletic Association softballers whose tussle on Tuesday in the summer league ended in a draw. (Staff Photographer)



MR V. A. Sequeira and his bride, formerly Miss Vilma Rita da Silva. Their wedding took place on Monday at the Rosary Church. (Staff Photographer)

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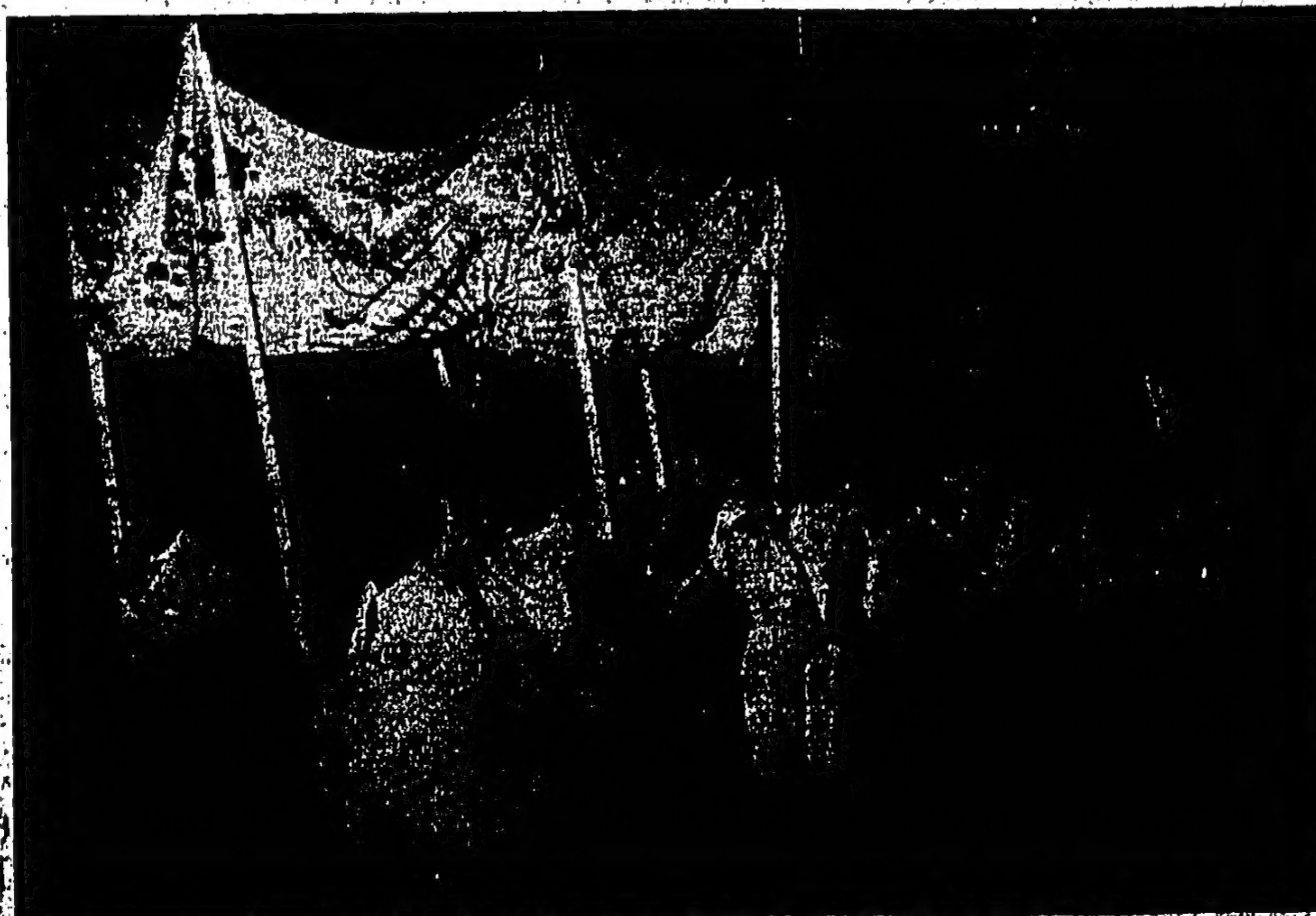
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SCENE at the Catholic Cathedral on Sunday last when worshippers gathered to observe the Feast of Corpus Christi. (Staff Photographer)

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DANNY KAYE, singer-comedian, snapped at Kai Tak on his arrival on Wednesday. He is on a world tour on behalf of UNICEF. Right: Danny entertained to a Chinese dinner the same evening. Seen with him are the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow and Mrs. H. Odell. (Staff Photographer)



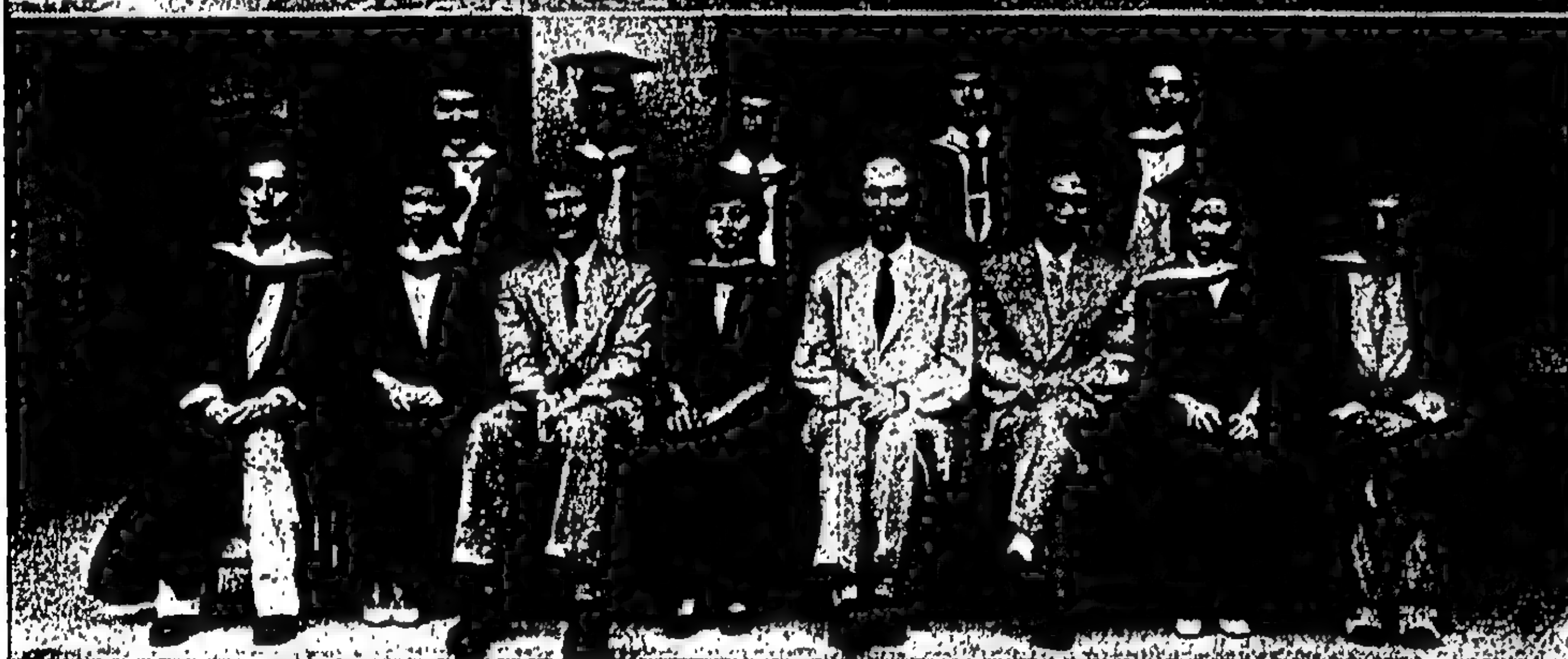
MR Enrico Rosario, Chairman of the St Luiz College Old Boys' Association, speaking at the annual dinner held at the Club Lusitano on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS R. B. Black, wife of the Colonial Secretary, who opened the new nurses' quarters of the Ruttonjee Sanatorium on Wednesday, chatting with Mrs J. H. Ruttonjee after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)

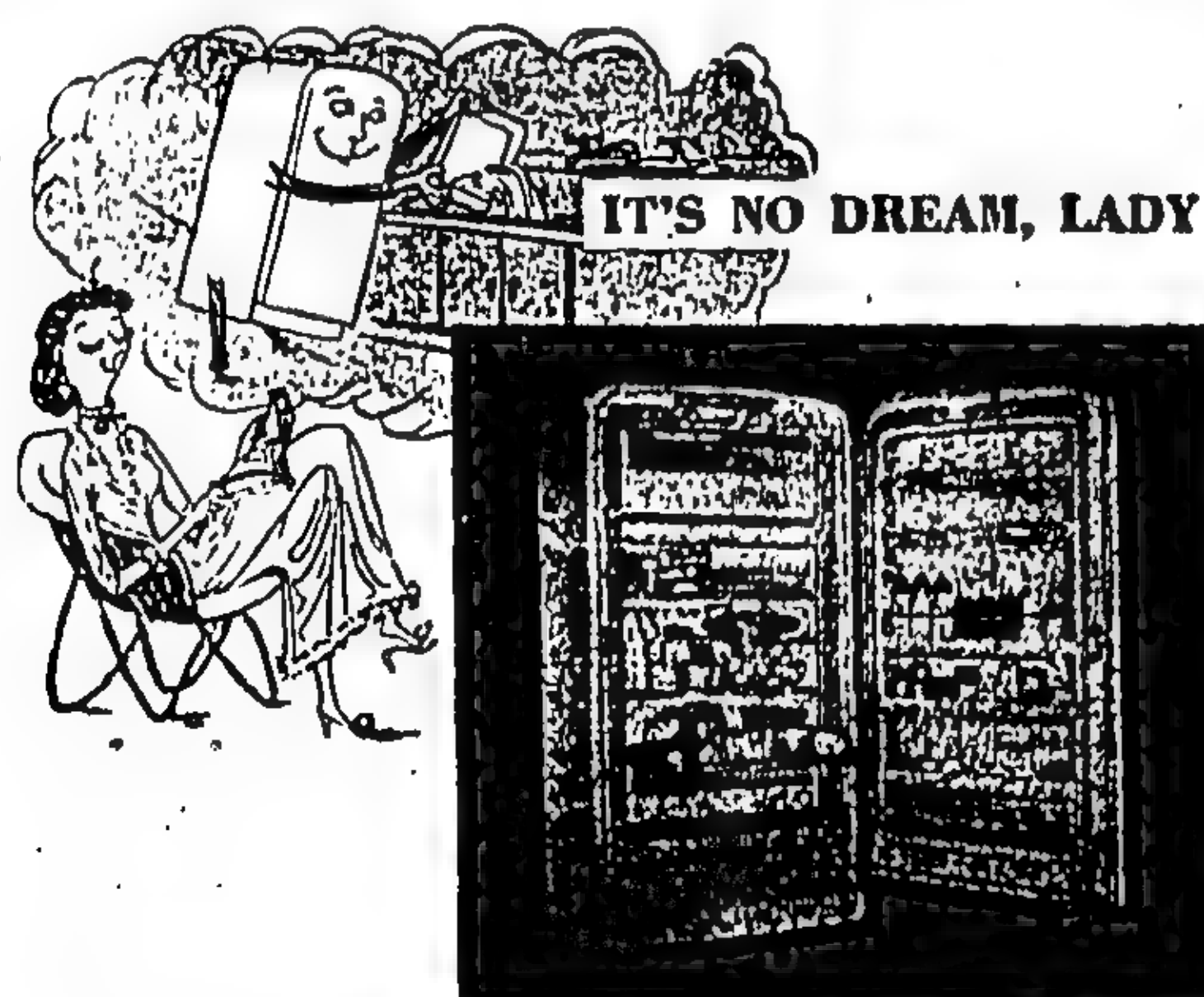


RIGHT: "Miss Thailand," Amara Asavananda, photographed with her father, brothers and Captain Joseph D. Cox of the liner President Wilson before she sailed on Monday to take part in the "Miss Universe" pageant at Long Beach, California. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT top: 1954 Medical graduates of the Hongkong University who received their degrees this week. Left bottom: Science graduates. (Staff Photographer) Below: On the top are the Arts graduates, and below are the Engineering graduates. (Ming Yuen)

LEFT: Mr Jack Sloan, engineer of the ss Eastern, presenting sports equipment donated by Salvation Army friends in Sydney to the Salvation Army Children's Home at King's Park. (Mayfair)



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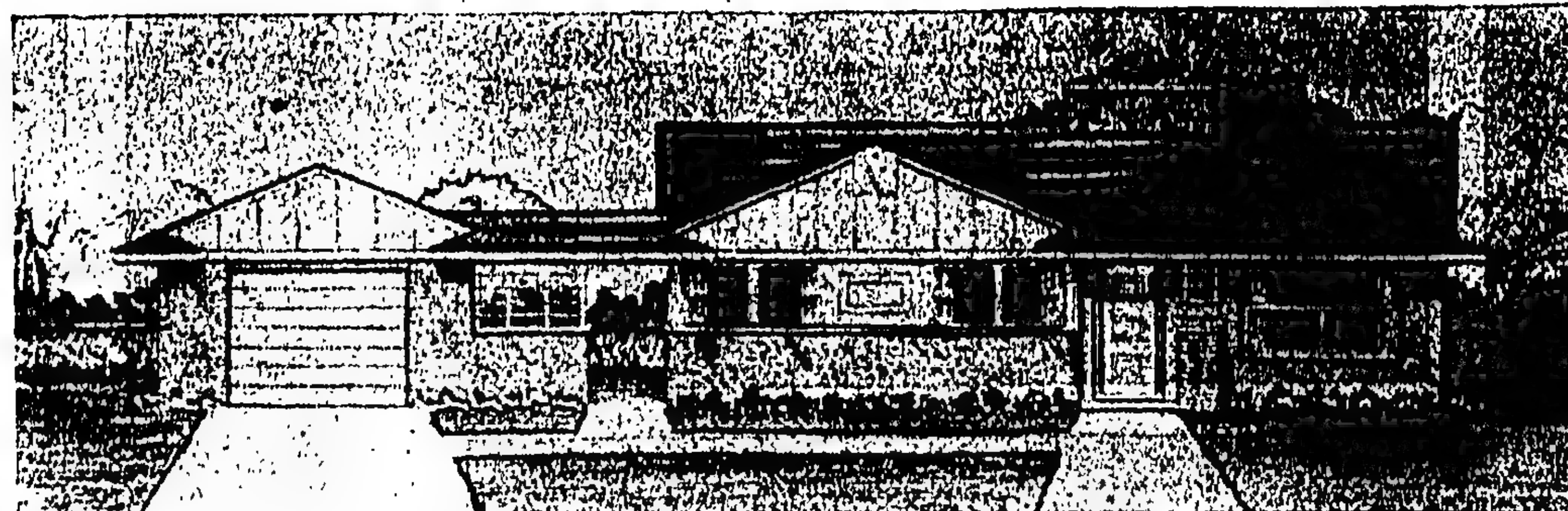
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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## STRIKING INDIVIDUALITY



THOSE WHO WANT to get away from conventional styles will like this striking modern design, H-312-KF. An overhang makes for interest at the entry, while a gable highlights the area over the bedroom windows. Breezeway and garage extend the house line.

By Joan O'Sullivan

WHITE cottages with green shutters, rambling ranch homes and traditional Colonial houses are all on the conventional side. The two homes shown today don't fit into such categories. Designed in the modern manner, they're striking styles with a great deal of individuality.

At the top of the page is a popular all-on-one-floor plan, House No. H-312-KF. The exterior, a combination of wood siding and brick veneer, has an overhang roof at the entrance, a gable above the front bedroom windows, a breezeway and an attached garage.

Flooded With Sunshine

Inside, the living area with windows on two sides is flooded with sunshine. On winter evenings, a fireplace makes for cozy comfort.

The dining room is set apart from the living room, but gives the appearance of being a combined area, thus making the two rooms seem much more spacious.

The kitchen is just a step away from the dining room. It boasts almost a full wall of windows, one of which is placed over the sink.

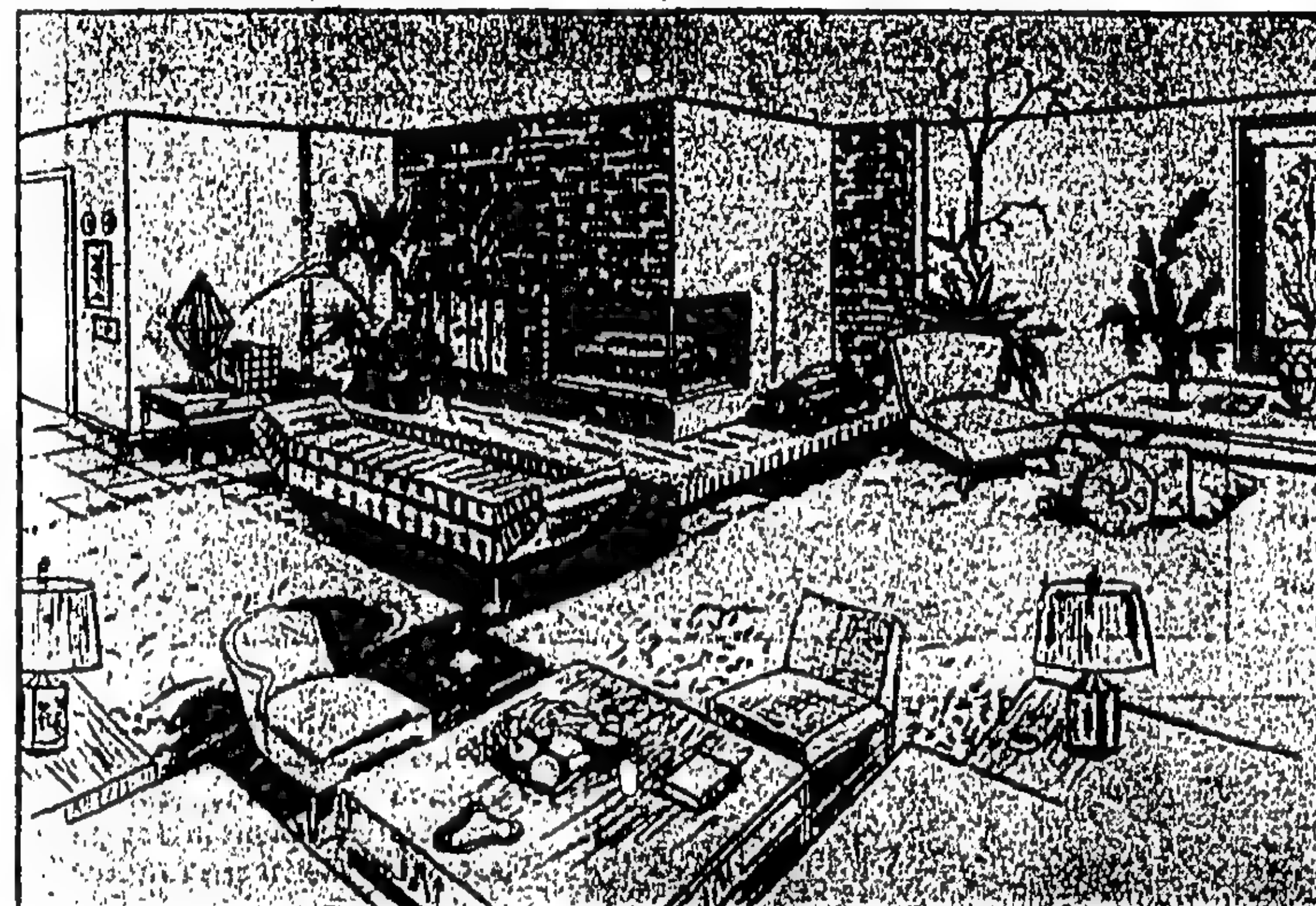
For Summer Meals

A side door leads to the attached breezeway, a wonderful place for summer meals. An attractive trellis screens the breezeway off from the street.

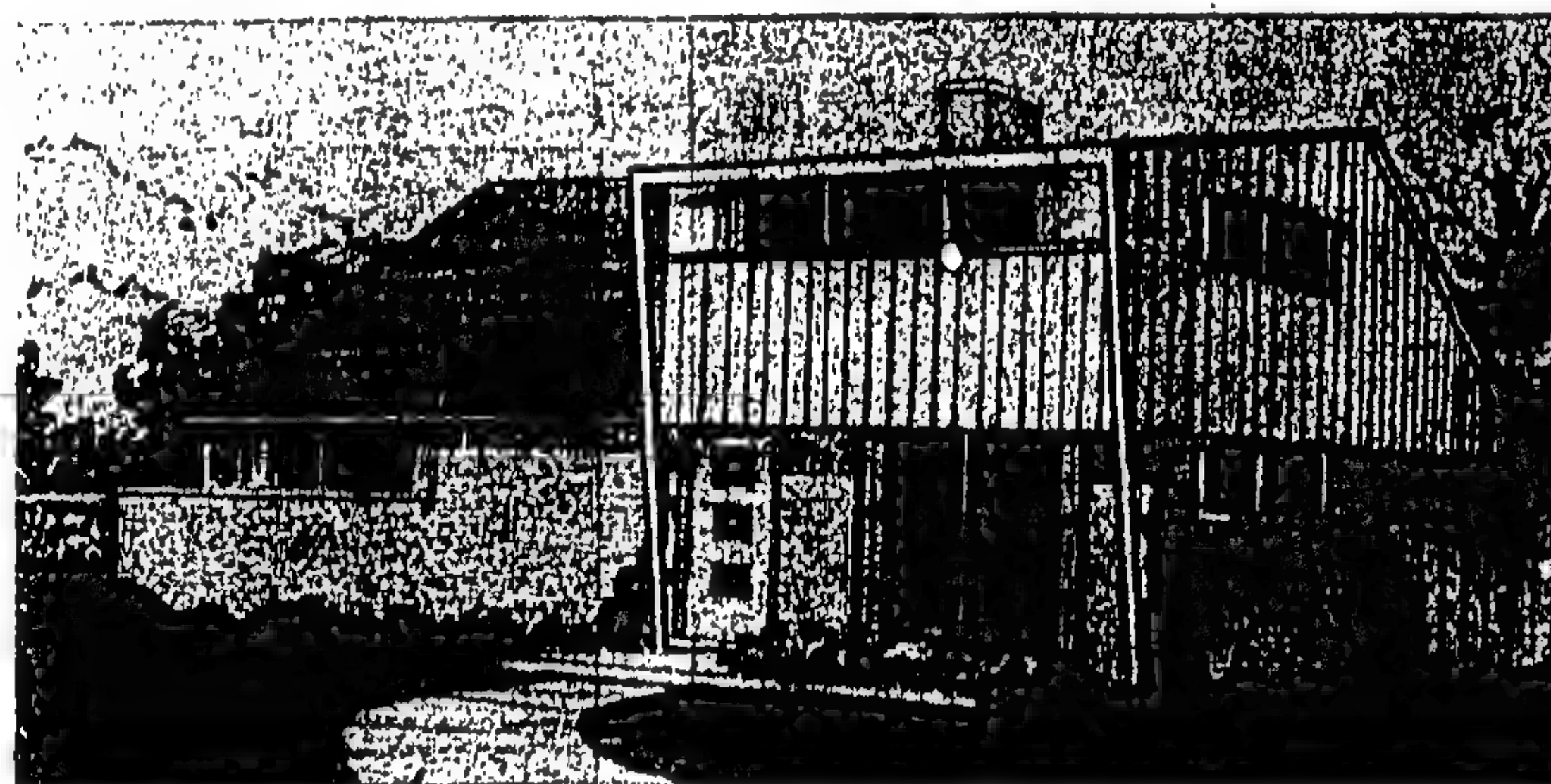
The three bedrooms have good-sized closets and ample window areas. The bath, convenient to sleeping quarters, open off a hallway which includes a roomy linen closet.

One economical aspect of the plan is the location of heating facilities next to the fireplace wall.

House No. H-312-KF comprises 13,428 cubic feet.



ARCHITECTURALLY, THE SPACIOUS living room with its huge corner brick fireplace and raised hearth provides just the proper background for the trim lines of popular and functional furniture.



A TOP-TO-BOTTOM PICTURE WINDOW and a frame doorway with glass insets make the brick veneered first floor of H-269-KF distinctive. The cantilevered second floor stands out in white frame.

The other plan, No. H-269-KF, will please moderns seeking something unusual and yet comfortable. It's a four-bedroom house with a combined kitchen-utility area, a large bath and a long living room.

Studying the upstairs floor plan first, you'll be amazed at the size of the huge master bedroom. The entire rear wall is given over to closet space.

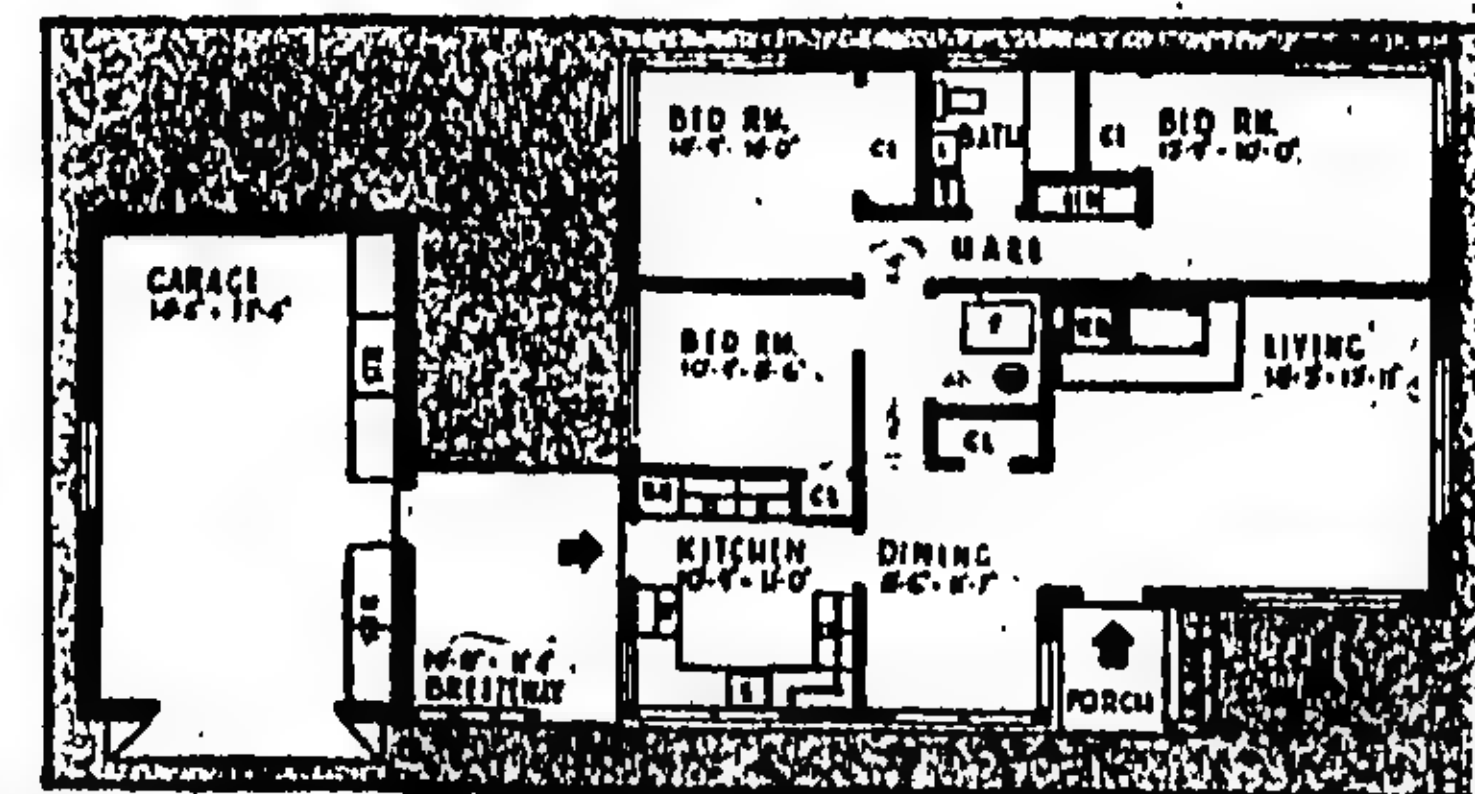
Next to this room there's additional storage space near the smaller bedroom.

First floor bedrooms have corner windows and large closets. A vanity and large linen closet highlight the bath. A second linen closet is located nearby in the hall.

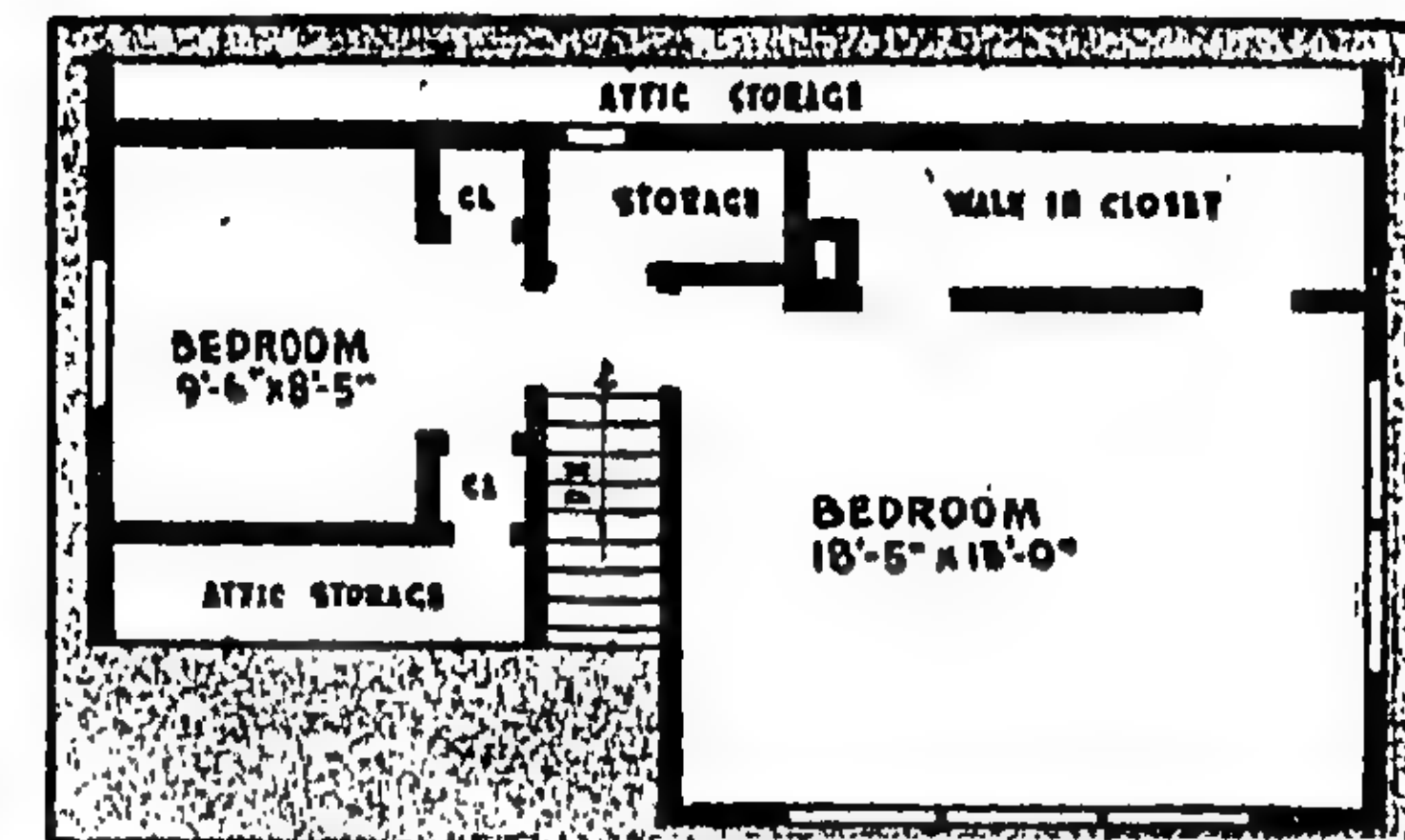
In the living room, there's a top-to-bottom picture window. Because there is no fireplace, this room has quite a bit of wall space making numerous decorative

arrangements possible for the homemaker.

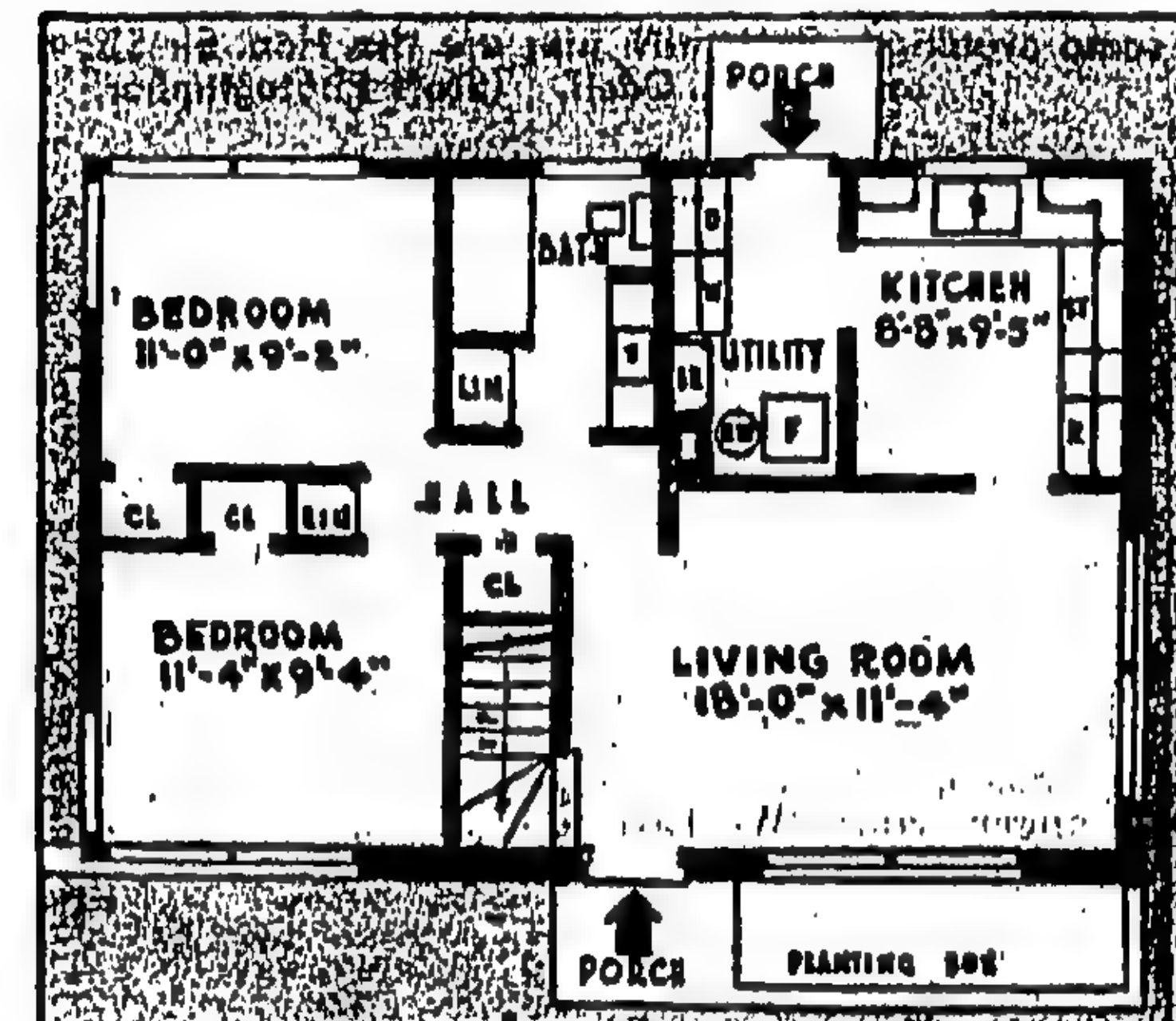
Just off the living room is a closet for guest wraps. Well lighted, the kitchen is provided with a great deal of counter and cabinet room. Note, too, that space is allowed for a breakfast table. Heating and laundry facilities are indicated for the adjoining utility area. The plan, H-269-KF, comprises 12,126 cubic feet.



THE BREEZEWAY is screened off from the street by a trellis. Reached from the kitchen, it makes a cool summer dining area.



THE UPPER STOREY of House No. H-269-KF has storage space in a master bedroom walk-in closet.



THE FIRST FLOOR plan has a kitchen-utility area, living room, two big bedrooms and bath.

## Recipes With A Difference

## Try These Cool And Refreshing Drinks

By Alice Denhoff

COOL and refreshing ideas for today leading off with a delicious Coffee Nog.

Beat 2 egg whites until stiff; add 1/4 c. sugar, 1/4 c. fresh, double-strength black coffee, 3 c. milk and 1/2 tsp. vanilla. Shake in covered glass and pour over ice in tall glasses. Top with whipped cream and dust with cinnamon.

Want something special by way of ice cream? Then try Banana Macaroon Ice Cream, the recipe for 8 servings.

Use 2 to 3 ripe bananas to make one c. mashed banana, and mix with 2 tsp. lemon juice. Add 1/2 c. sugar, 1/4 tsp. salt and 1/8 c. milk, stirring until mixed. Beat 2 egg whites until thick. Combine bananas, egg whites, 2 egg yolks and one c. whipping cream. Turn into freezing trays of refrigerator. Freeze with indicator at coldest, setting, stirring every 20 minutes until mixture begins to hold its shape, adding 1/4 c. coarsely crumbled macaroons during final stirring. Then, freeze until firm.

Mint Ice next, a two-fruit ice with a mint-leaf tang that is just right for this kind of weather.

For 8 servings, cook together one c. sugar, 1/4 c. white corn syrup and one c. water. Cook at 240°F. or until it forms a ball when tried in cold water. Remove from stove, add 1/4 c. unsweetened pineapple juice and 1/4 c. orange juice. Freeze for 1 hour, then remove from refrigerator. Beat wall and add one c. stiffly beaten egg whites. Return to refrigerator and freeze at coldest point until firm, stirring every half-hour. Takes about 4 hours to freeze.

We'll wind up as we began, with a delectable coffee drink, Frosted Double Coffee for 4 takes one quart freshly-made double-strength coffee. (To cool quickly, place in bowl of cracked ice.)

Add one c. cream, 1/4 c. sugar and half of 1/2 pint of coffee ice cream. Shake or stir until coffee and cream are thoroughly blended. Pour into glasses containing cracked ice and top each serving with spoonful of ice cream to which grated bitter chocolate has been added.

To keep cauliflower white, soak it in cold salt water for half an hour before cooking.

Add a little salt to water in the bottom of a double boiler, to bring it to a boil rapidly.

Fish odours from cooking utensils will vanish quickly if you add two or three tablespoons of ammonia to the dish water.

Gather small pieces of broken glass safely and easily by putting them up with dampened absorbent cotton.

A coat of wax on the inside of wastepaper baskets helps keep them clean. The wax prevents dust and dirt from clinging.

Remove leftover biscuits and muffins to freshness by splitting them, spreading with butter or margarine, and toasting under the broiler. Serve hot.

For stiff egg whites, have the egg of room temperature before beating.

## NEW DECORATING SCHEMES

By ELEANOR ROSS

A DISCERNING eye for fabric, and a wise hand in its use, are two important factors in creating

a lovely room. A recent showing demonstrated this by explaining high-style decorator secrets to budget buyers.

One of the most spectacular of the rooms had been done very economically and indicated how beautifully fabric could be used for a rich, individual effect.

### SYMPHONY IN GRAY

Gray for the walls of this all-purpose room, the grey set off by white trim. For a luxurious touch, the window wall is hung with a grey-texture fabric, the material drawn back with brass knots to expose the dove-white curtains at the windows. A gleaming mirror in shades of grey, red and blue on white is used by the two small side-screens. Red chair upholstery, a sophisticated wall-to-wall carpet and a red and white patterned rug complete the scheme.

Colour and fabric blend together well in another room.

We liked the handling of the bed in this arrangement. A double bed with head and footboards is partitioned off from the rest of the room by a low bookcase and, above it, sheer white curtains. This would be a very good arrangement for an all-purpose room where the occupants have to make the best of what space is at hand.

The walls are done in deep purple, the rug is a pale purple and there is white drab on the bed and at the windows.

Bed and white drab on the walls is essential for a room in which the occupant must have a restful sleep. The room is decorated with a blue and white patterned rug, a blue and white patterned chair, and a blue and white patterned bedspread.

A blue texture print for the spread, a blue patterned rug and blue rug make for a soft and restful room.

### CHINESE MOTIFS

Another homemaker's asset is a print which gives the illusion of a woven, textured fabric. It is colour-keyed with the patterned drapery, designs range from traditional decorative designs to modern patterns.

One of the prettiest of the latter features, too, top motifs and tiny weather vane. Another modern achievement is a design of flowering bamboo plants against a background of Chinese decorative motifs.

Prettiest of the motifs is a red, yellow, black and blue design. The motifs must be of a nature that pattern, such as the bamboo design, can be used in a room where the occupant must have a restful sleep. The room is decorated with a blue and white patterned rug, a blue and white patterned chair, and a blue and white patterned bedspread.

**Cultured Pearls**

**FALCONERS**

Decorators and Upholsterers

10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100



# THE WEST CANNOT IGNORE THE PROBLEMS OF ASIA

By Sir Beverley Baxter

London. IT was in 1937 that Pandit Nehru, on a visit to England, came to the House of Commons to address a private meeting of Conservative M.P.s. It was not in any spirit of friendliness that we had invited him but merely to have a look at Gandhi's partner.

There was nothing mystic about Nehru on the surface. He had fine, handsome features. His eyes were sombre to the point of sadness, and never once did he smile. He spoke English not only well but with something akin to perfection. He had, of course, been educated as a boy at Harrow (that famous rival to Eton) where Winston Churchill had gone many years before.

Calmly he told us that India should be ruled entirely by the Indians and not by the British. He did not refer to the times he had been imprisoned as a revolutionary nor the personal tragedy that had accompanied it. The British had occupied India and held it down by force. The British had exploited India without developing it. The British had proclaimed the divine right of governing without the consent of the governed. That was his case.

## The Aristocrat

He spoke coldly and we listened coldly. When he had finished he said that he would subject himself to questions. Up rose one of our chaps and, with a voice that was quiet but tinged with anger, said: "We have listened with interest to Mr. Nehru's case. May I ask him if he can think of one thing the British have ever done which might conceivably have been of benefit to his country?"

With the patience of a father answering a child Mr. Nehru answered: "Britain has never lacked voices to glorify her. It just happens that my business is to put the case against Britain." In my time I have encountered many men of destiny, but Nehru was something different. We could see that physically and mentally he was an aristocrat who could have little appeal to the sweating mobs of Bombay. He possessed none of the fire, the showmanship, the humour, the passion or the mysticism of Gandhi. One could not imagine Nehru even looking at a goat, much less making a companion of it.

Question followed question as the Tories found their tongues. Did Mr. Nehru not agree that India, instead of being a nation, was a sub-continent of antagonistic tribes and religions? Had not Britain brought justice to her courts and protection to her minorities? Was it not a fact that Britain had protected India from civil war and invasion?

## He Sums Up

NEHRU listened like a rather tired dormitory master when the boys are being noisy and even foolish. Of course Britain had ruled India well. But India was tired of being ruled. History had passed that point. That was his case.

"When we achieve our freedom and India becomes self-governing, we shall certainly make mistakes. May I say that every nation is entitled to make its own mistakes?" Thus, the old Harrovian summed up the case for India's freedom.

While we were talking in that room overlooking the Thames, there was an Austrian named Hitler who was howling like a maniac at the moon. The great upheaval of the Second World War was not very far off.

It was left to Mr. Atlee, as the Socialist Prime Minister after Hitler's war had ended, to give India her freedom. That famous figure of battle, Admiral Mountbatten, who had defended India by the Burma campaign, was chosen as the instrument of destiny. Atlee sent him as Viceroy to India with the purpose of finding a way of giving

India her freedom while guaranteeing as much as possible the security of Pakistan and the minorities.

It was a thankless task, and Mountbatten was assailed by many voices in Britain for undertaking it. After much travail the plan took shape. India was to be a Republic within the Commonwealth, and Pakistan was to be a self-governing Dominion also within the Commonwealth.

## Loosened Rock

THERE was trouble, there was tragedy, there was terrible bloodshed. In defence Nehru would probably have quoted Oscar Wilde's words: "At the birth of a child or a star there is pain." But the Americans were happy. They had incessantly urged upon the British the necessity of freeing India if a true Anglo-American bond of comradeship was to come into being. On my lecture tours across America in 1946 and 1947 the one question that was fired at me everywhere was: "Why don't you get out of India?" I might have answered: "Why don't you give full freedom to the Negroes in the South?" But that would have been tendentious. The duties of a guest are more rigid than those of a host.

When a rock is loosened on a mountainside, it may mean little or it may mean an avalanche. Burma followed India. The British 14th Army had fought with tremendous heroism to save it from the Japs, but Mr. Atlee gave it away in a single speech. I do not criticise the Socialist leader. Events of such magnitude cannot be judged at the moment. Only the unforgiving years can tell in retrospect whether such immense events have been wisely or badly handled.

## World Force

CERTAINLY Britain was too weakened by war to hold her Empire by the sword. It may well be that the dismissal of Churchill by the British electorate in 1945 was a signal that Imperial Britain had lost faith in British Imperialism. Also we had plenty of troubles brewing in Africa.

Yet one did not need to be a necromancer to see that a new and enormous world force was taking form. Asia was in the throes of becoming a political as well as a geographical entity.

Russia, like a two-faced giant, facing both East and West, saw the vast possibilities of this vast uprising. So did China, which had endured the conquering imperialism of

Japan and had embraced the philosophy and the cause of Communism. "Free China" her leaders called their country as they did away with such poorly nourished flowers of freedom as had already flourished there.

That very big little American President, Truman, saw the red light of danger. Some of my readers may remember that when I saw Mr. Truman at the White House not very long after the Hitler war was ended, he pointed to the globe on a swivel which General Eisenhower had given him and said: "There—in Asia—is where our trouble is coming from."

His instant decision to fight in Korea was not a hasty decision. He had been pondering the Far Eastern situation for weeks and months.

Asia—what is it? Asia—what are its facts? Asia is normally dull things, but sometimes they can be very dramatic. Roughly speaking, every second person in the world today is an Asiatic. James Cameron, a British journalist who has made a deep study of the subject, reminds us that the Asiatic population is approximately 1,500 million and that it is increasing by 50,000 a day. With a nice touch of the picturesque he adds: "Two thousand new mouths to feed and ambitious to be fulfilled for every hour on the clock."

## Ominous

YES—facts can be not only exciting but ominous. The influence of Asia stretches out to the frontier of Europe, to the Arctic and points at Australia and New Zealand. Here is a giant with many eyes and long, lean fingers.

The student of history may intervene at this point and ask why we should assume that the mere texture of the skin should bind various tribes and nations into a menacing unity. What about the white races? Gaul and Teuton have fought through the ages, and even America only achieved nationhood at the point of the sword from Imperialist Britain.

But there is a difference. The white nations of the world had the composite continent of Europe, rich in the arts of government and culture, as well as being undisputed leaders of the human community. Their wars were for the glittering prizes of power. Even the French revolution, founded on the sublime cry of "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," speedily resolved itself into an Imperialist war against the other Imperialist powers of Europe.

In Asia there is a community of backwardness, of poverty, of blunted opportunity, of ignorance and, in some territories, of despair. But also in Asia there is a fierce pride such as was shown by Japan until she was compelled to bow her head humbly to the conquering Americans.

## Grip Of Fear?

WHEN defeated the Japanese bowed very low, but they remembered with pride when they were the full ally of Great Britain and declared war against the Kaiser's Germany only a few hours after London had done so. They also remember how in the Hitler war they drove the British Army out of Burma and even threatened India with a yellow tide of conquest.

But will not Communist China hold Imperial Japan in a grip of fear? That may be. China is not a conquering nation but an elephant that can kill by merely rolling on its victim. Strangely enough—and human destiny works in wondrous ways—Japan is an outpost for the forces of the West. Not even the dropping of that terrible bomb at Hiroshima has altered Japan's basic sense of unity with Britain, and now with America. If we admit that it is a policy of self-advantage let us also repeat that Japan was a loyal ally to Britain until the U.S.A. persuaded us to cast her off.

Therefore, we must realise that Asia does not lack experienced leaders. We have the sad-faced Nehru trying to bring the arts of self-government to India and making his voice heard far beyond the boundaries of that sub-continent. In Moscow there is a collection of able men ruthless in action and limitless in ambition. Is she angry with Europe? Then she becomes slant-eyed and Asian. Is she annoyed with Asia? Then she becomes a blue-eyed European.

## Fruitful Soil

RUSSIA has powerful underground allies in Asia such as poverty, disease, ignorance and despair. They make fruitful soil for the germs of Communism. The Russian prides himself on being a European, but at heart he is an Asiatic. That is a truth that the world should never forget.

Are we then to look ahead to a frightful and, perhaps, final war of Asia versus the West? No man can be certain of human destiny but I do not think we need lose sleep over such a prospect. The hydrogen bomb has set a problem to Mars which even that old war god cannot answer.

The mercilessness of science has probably achieved a considerable period of uneasy peace for the world. Even if it is only a truce, we should do everything possible to make the most of a period where the guns are silent or are confined, as in Indo-China, to a limited area.

There are two Asias—the Asia of wealth and the Asia of poverty, the Asia of culture and the Asia of great ignorance, the Asia of enlightened expression and the Asia of dumb despair. We can no more ignore it than we can ignore the sun, the moon and the stars.

At the moment that I am writing these words the dreadful Battle of France against the Communist forces of Indo-China seems to be approaching its last hours. Ladies and gentlemen, lend me your ears. Do you remember when you called for the crucifixion of Chamberlain because England, without the support of Canada or France or the U.S.A., should have declared war when Hitler said that he would invade Czechoslovakia? Have you anti-Chamberlainites lost your tongues? Is your conscience contained within the boundaries of a geography atlas?

I never thought that Chamberlain should have gone to war over Czechoslovakia—for the good reason that neither France, America nor Canada were willing to take a stand. Therefore, I think we were perhaps right in not sending troops to Indo-China.

## Looking Ahead

WE must look beyond the present battle into the years ahead. First we must study Asia and realise that she has produced some of the greatest philosophers and poets in all history. There are civilisations in Asia which make those of Europe seem something created yesterday.

We must also realise—and this is my final point—that the poverty and misery cannot be confined to an area but must spread their deadly germs across even the most closely guarded frontiers.

Poverty...without it Communism would die. Poverty...without it there would be no wars. Poverty...without it there would be no pharaohs because man is a creature that needs God.

I know that in the minds of some disciples there remains a conviction that low wages to the worker make big profits to the management. That philosophy is not nearly as strongly held as in the early days of Victorianism, but it still exists.

Poverty brings profit to no one. On the contrary it breeds despair, revolution and war—the three costliest things ever created by man. Therefore the first concern of the Western world, as it looks out upon the backward territories of Asia and Africa, should be: "We must destroy poverty in order to save ourselves."

There is a wise old boy in the House of Commons named Sir Walter Fletcher. He spent many years in Malaya, and sometimes when Parliament is sitting late we talk at great length.

"Underpaid workers," he said, "are no good to the Capitalist system. The workers are our customers—whether they are black, yellow or white. Unless we pay them enough to buy our manufactured goods we are sunk. What is the waste trouble in Kenya or Uganda, or even Jamaica? We have never taught the blacks the joy of a refrigerator or a motor car. Give them something to work for—and they will work. High wages are the cheapest in the long run."

## Much Wisdom

I THINK there is much wisdom in what he says. Communism can only survive and grow in countries where the standard of living is pitifully low. Where does Communism seek expansion of its kingdom? In America, in Canada, in New Zealand, in Britain? No—it looks to Africa and the backward territories of Asia.

Man was not created by God to have an easy and slothful life. We were not given qualities of courage, patience, and endurance merely to lop the fruit from off the trees. We were not given imagination merely to dream but to chart the seas and build temples and factories and homes where once wild animals roamed. We were not given the power to make and administer the law merely to decide a quarrel over the ownership of a mule.

No longer can we live our lives in isolation. We are part of the human comedy and the human tragedy. There is no longer such a thing as distance. Asia is on our doorsteps just as Europe and Africa are.

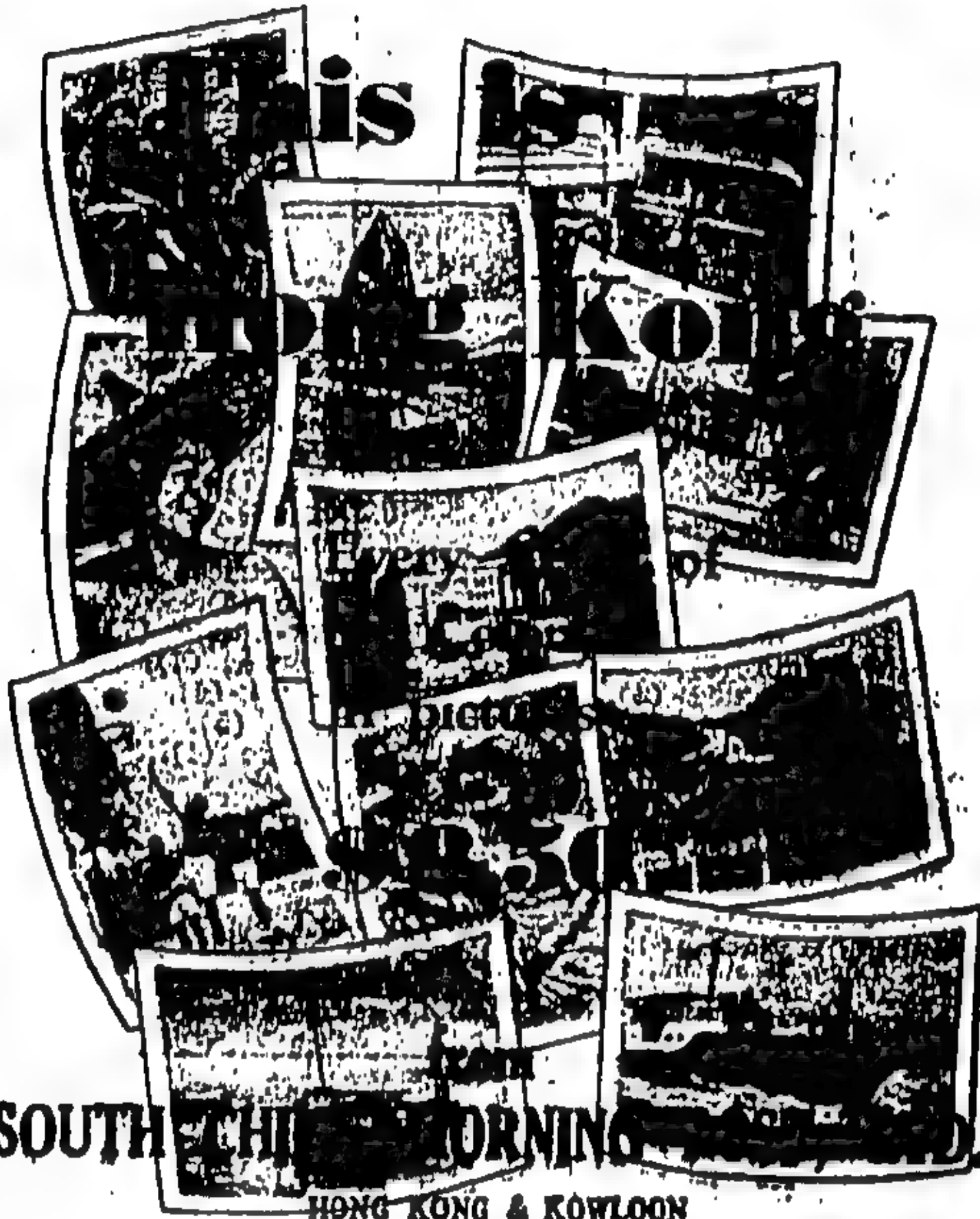
Somewhere we must control destiny as destiny will destroy us...and the ultimate historian will write: "Of those far off days there were civilised nations which failed to realise that frontiers had ceased to exist save for customs purposes."

Destiny is on the march.



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POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

**TURGENEV.** By David Magarshack. Faber and Faber. 25s. 328 pages.

**T**HE Russian novelist, Ivan Turgenev, had three passions in life: shooting, women and the liberation of the Russian peasantry.

He found it more agreeable to serve the last of these causes from Paris, or the French and German spas which he frequented like an amiable, hypochondriacal bear with a squeaky voice.

As an aristocratic student, scion of Tatar

princes, Turgenev took an oath, romantically called "Hannibal's oath," to devote all his strength to dragging the Russian serfs from their darkness. A few years later he was engaged on a less high-minded enterprise, trying to buy a pretty serf girl from his wealthy cousin.

From 700 roubles (about 14 times the regular market price) Elizabeth Fetiska changed hands. Her admirer asked what present he could give her. "Soap," she replied. The story, as told by Turgenev, made a profound impression in liberal circles in Paris.

It was by no means Turgenev's first experience of love. At 13, he developed a wild passion for Zinaida, a young mistress of his father's, and witnessed a strange scene between the two. Zinaida, begging his father to give up some other woman, held out her hand, which the elder Turgenev lashed with his riding crop. Zinaida kissed the weal. After that, the younger Turgenev had an obsession with women's hands.

At nineteen, he sailed for Europe to escape from his atrocious mother, a hysterical sadist who treated her sons only a shade less brutally than her serfs. A day out from Petersburg, the ship caught fire; panic followed. It was maliciously reported that Turgenev had rushed about piping in his little voice, "For God's sake, save me! I am the only son of a rich widow." Turgenev would only admit that he had offered a sailor 10,000 roubles for a place in a lifeboat.

He tried to forget the whole humiliating business in endless talk about philosophy with fellow-exiles from Russia. One of these friends, after hours of argument round the samovar, cried out indignantly, "We

by  
**GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON**

haven't yet solved the question of God's existence, and you want to eat!"

When the Russian serfs were liberated, Turgenev prudently remained in the West writing novels about the steppes. He had asked a trusted gamekeeper on the family estates what he would do if the peasants revolted and marched on the Turgenev mansion. The gamekeeper turned white. "Join them," he confessed.

The great and tragic love of Turgenev's life—frequently interrupted by less tragic incidents—occurred when he met Pauline Garcia-Viardot, prima donna and daughter of a Seville gipsy. She had a "savage sweetness and delightful ferocity"; better still, a complacent husband 20 years her senior.

Pauline was in love with Turgenev long enough to bear him a son. After that, the Russian had to be content with the role of second complement husband. He played it with melancholy distinction for most of his life. When Pauline found a new lover, Turgenev and M. Viardot went out shooting together.

In the West, he was a drawing-room hero, embodiment of the Slav genius oppressed by the Tsar; in Russia he was suspected, by the Tsar, of being a revolutionary, and by the intellectuals of being an "old coquette" who preferred "European" ways. His leading critic was a rakish, glib, and young army officer, Leo Tolstoy, who thought Turgenev a poseur, but could not keep away from him.

After a violent, undignified quarrel, Tolstoy demanded a duel—no "literary" man's duel, but the real thing, two rifles each outside a wood. Although presenting the bigger target, Turgenev as a good shot would probably have winged the author of "War and Peace." The duel never took place.

All through life the two men admired and plagued one another. "It is an unpardonable sin that Leo Tolstoy has stopped writing," Turgenev grumbled. "He lives in luxury and idleness," said Tolstoy of Turgenev.

Turgenev could only write when he was in love. He was in love often enough to write seven or eight novels, countless stories and one successful play, "A Month in the Country." His most famous novel, "Fathers and Sons."

Students of Magarshack's painstaking biography will conclude that no psychological problem in a Turgenev novel could be more complex than himself, neuroathetic novelist Pauline, who for years believed that he had no top to his skull.

In 1883 Turgenev died stoically in Paris. His funeral in Petersburg was turned into a vast political demonstration. Pauline could not attend; she was too busy with a lawsuit to obtain Turgenev's fortune. An eloquent tribute from Tolstoy showed that, at last, peace had overtaken war.

## LIBRARY LIST

**THE ANNOTATOR.** By Alan Keen and Roger Lubbock. Putnam, 21s. 216 pages. Real life literary detection. Who wrote the marginal notes in the chronicle that Mr Keen picked up one day in 1947? After an ingenious, determined hunt, evidence (but not proof) is unearthed to suggest that the writer may have been Shakespeare himself. The reader may not be convinced; he will be enthralled.

**VAGRANT VIKING.** By Peter Freuchen. Gollancz, 18s. 432 pages. Life and fantastic adventures during 20 years in the Far North by the famous Danish Arctic explorer, with vivid portraits of other heroes of discovery; Mylius-Erichsen, who set off to Greenland with a cargo of champagne and mixed pickles for emergency rations; Dr Hovey, who thought Eskimos were "savages." Most vigorous portrait of all is that of Freuchen himself.

## The Fabulous Grandmother

★ **MARLENE DIETRICH** is the Fabulous Grandmother, the star who outshines age, who has glamorised two generations and refuses to let the years dim her vitality.

**Glamorous—Yes, And Aggressive**

By Anne Edwards

**M**ARLENE, to me, is three people. The first Marlene is the one I saw the other day in a 30-year-old film.

A languorous beauty wrapped in 15 yards of silver fox... an alabaster face that filled the screen... eyelids so heavily fringed with black lashes that when she dropped them one wondered if they could ever go up again.

Yes, she was a phenomenal beauty. The second Marlene is the one I saw in Paris just after the war, singing "Lili Marlene." At the end she raised her long, spangled skirt half an inch at a time to reveal a still fabulous leg—a crescent of cheeks from the troops who filled the theatre.

Yes, she had phenomenal technique. The third Marlene is the one I saw on her last London visit, more determinedly golden-haired than ever, more aggressively glamorous.

Yes, she had phenomenal courage. But will courage be enough to get her through this time? Somehow that last glimpse of her tells me that the new verdict on her performance as a famous beauty at 50 will be: "It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

By Eve Porrick

**I** REMEMBER, I remember Miss Dietrich when she was known as the girl with the glamorous legs and not as a glamorous gran.

I remember, I remember Miss Dietrich (sitting astride a chair in black opera hose and a feathered skirt) singing "Falling in Love Again" in a Teutonic-throaty voice.

I remember, I remember Miss Dietrich a few years later (sitting astride a chair in black opera hose and a sequin skirt) singing "See What the Boys in the Backroom Will Have" in a less Teutonic but still throaty voice.

I remember, I remember Miss Dietrich in London in 1948, standing in a trim-waisted Paris suit with the sunlight streaming full on her face and looking just wonderful. I remember, I remember Miss Dietrich, just one year later looking not quite so wonderful.

I remember, I remember in New York last November a slim, willowy figure in a red velvet sheath of a dress, crowned by a sweep of youthful yellow hair, walking across a crowded room towards me. And I think I will never forget that, when she was near enough to identify as the fabulous Marlene Dietrich, the face in between the provocative red

**Just A Voice On A Record And Then—**

By Druilla Beyfus

**S**HE was a record we used to play after prep. at school. "Falling in Love Again" used to scrape away alternately with "Mr Paganini" and "The Umbrella Man."

She was a name one never knew how to pronounce. Was it Marleen? Or Marlene? She was the woman older people used to bring up to prove that theirs was a generation of great beauties and that these days all the girls look alike. Then for me she came to life as the World's Most Glamorous Grandmother, and there were pictures of her cheering up the chaps in Germany in a uniform specially designed for the purpose.

What a lot of nonsense, one thought, with the scepticism of a 20-year-old: "Glamorous indeed, she's probably an old hag."

Then one day I sat next to a woman who changed my mind. She was elegant, she was beautiful. She had the best legs I'd ever seen. She was Marlene.

velvet and the burning bright hair was that of a woman who was definitely middle-aged—and the strain of fighting off her 50 years was only too clearly telling its tired, sad story.

## PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**WALLFLOWER'S DREAM:** When old-time dancers saw the "Creep" edge its way into the dance halls, they thought they'd seen everything.

With arms lightly wrapped around each other, Creep couples shuffled across the floor in slow time without noticeable change in step or tempo.

Some dance hall managers strongly objected to Creeping. It reduced the tempo to slow motion, they said.

But Creeping caught the teenagers' fancy, and band leaders even played dirge-like Creep numbers.

Now the old-timers really believe they have seen everything.

Onto the dance floors has trailed Mormon dancing, otherwise termed "Wallflower's Dream." The man has two partners, the girls dancing one behind the other. During a Mormon dance, any wallflower may attach herself to the nearest couple.

**NEXT BEST THING?** Robert Lombert, the 31-year-old Dutchman who led countrymen on a three-year search for "heaven" found himself not in paradise but in a Dutch prison last week. He was sentenced to 2½ years for obtaining £100,000 by false pretences.

The group bought a ship and sailed around the world in

search of a refuge from "the modern world." Lombert had told his followers he was pretty sure they would find "heaven." Instead, they wound up broke. Included in the ship's stores were 350 cases of cognac, 150 cases of wine, 80 cases of Scotch whisky and a two-year supply of tinned beer.

**THE OLD STORY AGAIN** Hitler's chief aircraft designer, Willy Messerschmitt, who, after the war, said that all he wanted to do was to "build houses," is now predicting that "within 10 to 15 years, German (Messerschmitt) built airplanes will be hurtling round the globe at supersonic speeds."

Messerschmitt says that he is now ready to work on supersonic aircraft just as soon as the Allies allow him to do so.

Meanwhile Hitler's ace designer continues to go out of his way to absolve himself of any responsibility for the Luftwaffe's disintegration: "Our mistake was too much research and not enough production. The Allies overestimated us with quantity rather than quality. Nevertheless, I have not grown rusty in the years since Germany's surrender ended the production of my fighter aircraft which the Allies knew so well."

**NEW DISEASE** An outbreak of an undiagnosed disease which gives its victims colossal appetites is spreading across Italy. One victim, five-year-old Luciana Varboni, is eating four thick beefsteaks, two lbs. of rice pudding and at least 14 bananas a day, while a factory worker in Vicenza eats 12 cooked meals a day and says he is still "pretty hungry."

For one meal the factory worker, Cesare Rizzato, ate four lbs. of bread, 10 pints of vegetable soup, four lbs. of mashed corn, a lb. of cheese and a pound of sausage.

Italian doctors have so far failed to find any formula in the way of vitamins or injections which will satisfy the appetite of either of Italy's Oliver Twist patients.

**NOW THE FASHION** Several countries, including Britain, have asked the Egyptian Government for permission to hunt for pyramids following the discoveries at Giza and Sakkarah.

Commented Antiquities Director Mustapha Amer, looking up from a sheet of applications: "Pyramid hunting is becoming the fashion."

**MISSING SWORD** South African war veterans are being asked if they know the whereabouts of the golden sword presented to Sir George White, defender of Ladysmith in 1900. The sword, given by the survivors, was taken back to England by Sir George, but since his death in 1912, there has been no news of it and Ladysmith historians would like it in their museum with other relics of the siege and the town's early days.

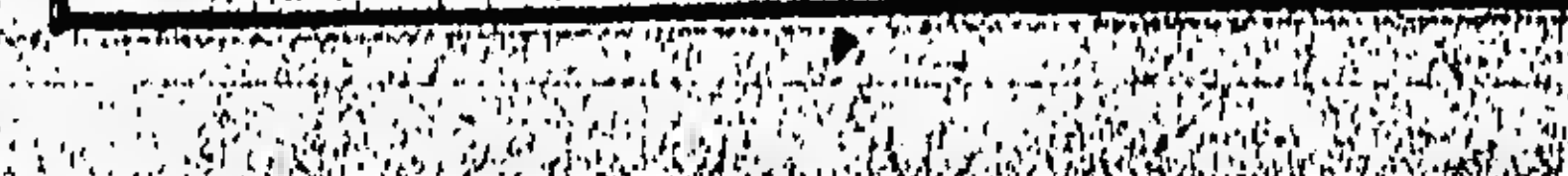
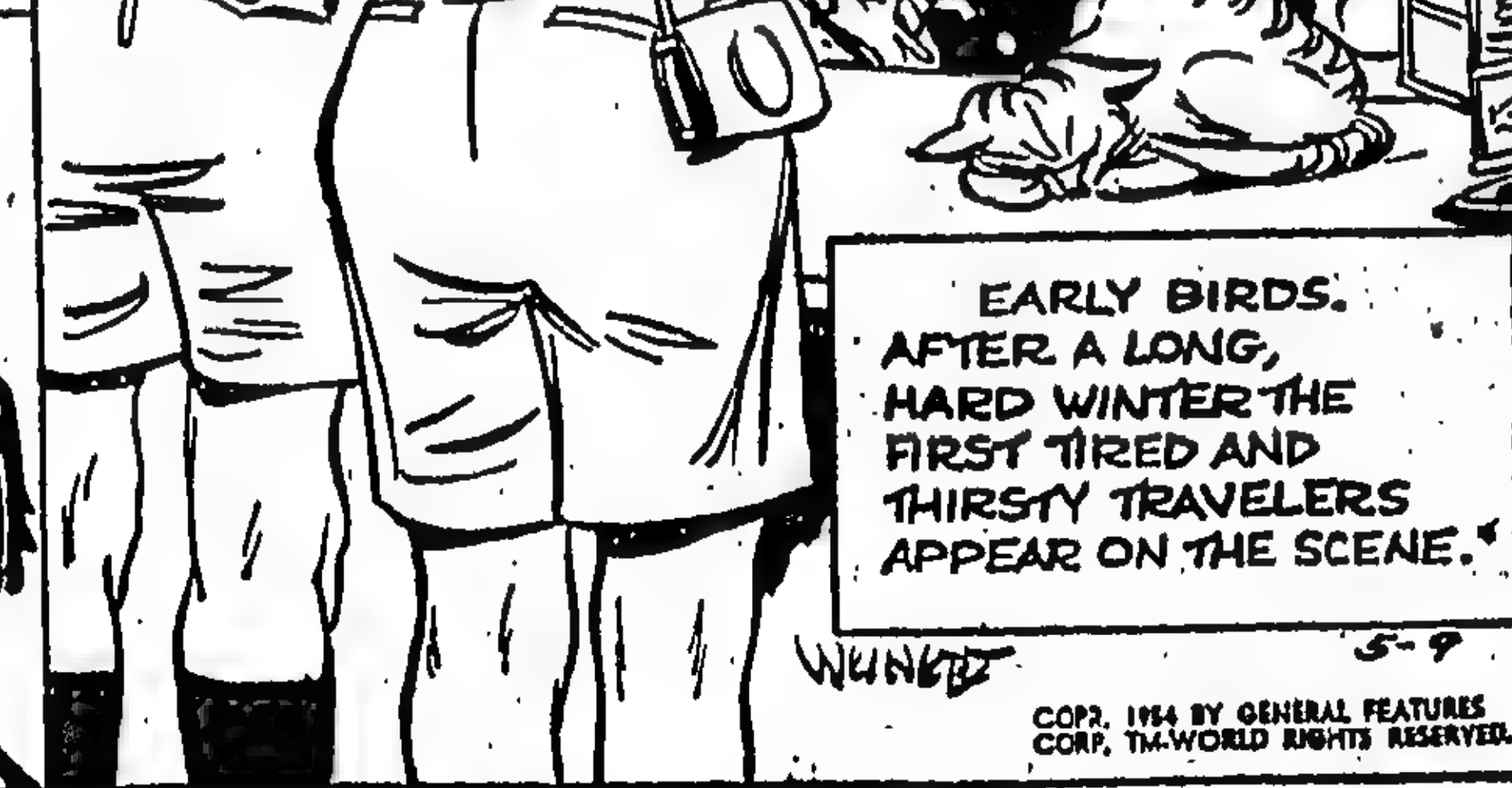
**ONE FOR HOLLYWOOD** A group of Maltese MPs are asking for an investigation into a suicide verdict.

Reason: They want to know whether a "suicide" can slash his "throat" with a "suicide" and return upstairs to die.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Babes In The Wood

BY HARRY WEINERT





# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

## RHK Presenting Programme In Honour Of Dominion Day

Thursday, July 1st, is Canada's National Holiday. On this day Canadians celebrate the anniversary of the British North America Act, which united Canada from sea to sea.

The International Service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has prepared a special programme in honour of Dominion Day. It features Canadian music — the Coronation Suite of Healey Willan, dean of Canadian composers. Dr Willan was commissioned to compose this work by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation on the occasion of the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second.

The work is written for Chorus and Orchestra, and is performed in this recording by the CBC Orchestra and Chorus, under the direction of Ettore Mazzoleni. This Canada Day programme can be heard on Thursday at 7 p.m.

Radio Hongkong is presenting a number of feature programmes also produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation called "How We Live". In this interesting series, which will be on the air weekly on Tuesday evenings at 8.15, listeners can hear all about such things as Canadian life as Square Dancing, the extensive use of central heating, running a tea house in the Rockies, the origin of some of the curious Canadian place names, and generally, as the title of the series implies, the way of life of the Canadian people.

### JANE EYRE

Admirers of Charlotte Brontë will be pleased to know that Radio Hongkong is broadcasting readings of "Jane Eyre", serialised in ten parts. This famous book has been adapted for radio by Helen Oswell who is also broadcasting each instalment. This programme comes at 10 p.m. on Fridays.

(Listeners will be interested to know that Helen Oswell has appeared in a number of British films recently shown in the Colony including "Seven Days to Noon", "Street Corner", and "Trouble in Store".)

### MUSIC

Cheng Chik-pui, the young violinist who has broadcast several recitals in the past year over Radio Hongkong, will be in the studio on Wednesday evening at 8.30 to play a short programme from the Concert Hall. His recital comprises Handel's Sonata No. 1 in A Major, and Mozart's Adagio, K.261. Cheng Chik-pui is accompanied by Moya Ren.

### OPERA

Frans Lehars' "Gypsy Love" can be heard in At the Opera on Thursday at 9.15 p.m. This is the first performance over Radio Hongkong of a new recording of Lehars' delightful romantic opera. The principal part is sung by Herbert Ernst Gryn, and the soprano is Rosi Seeger, with soloists, chorus and orchestra of Radio Berlin.

### DRAMA

On Wednesday evening at 9, listeners can hear one of the BBC's famous "World Theatre" productions. This is the "Electra" of Euripides, translated and adapted for radio by Gilbert Murray. The story of this dark and tragic play is one of revenge: the revenge of Electra and her brother Orestes for the murder of their father, Agamemnon, by his wife Clytemnestra, and her lover.

### SPORT

The Grand Prix motor cycle races over the Dundrod Circuit at Belfast in County Antrim have been running this week. This evening at 8.35, listeners can hear a commentary by Graham Walker on part of the 300 c.c. event from Dundrod, North of Ireland.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 9.02 megacycles per second in 31 metro band).

### Sunday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
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### BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 10.15 p.m. on 15.260 Mc/s, 19.66m and 6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.715 Mc/s, 16.93m)

### Saturday, June 26

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### Today

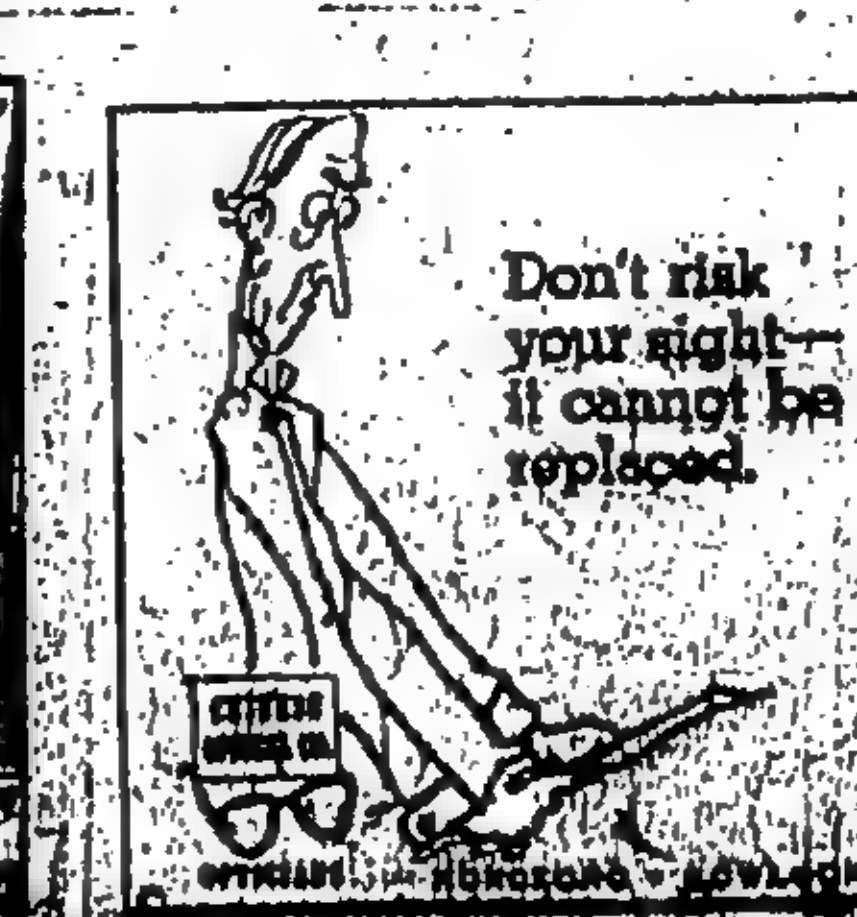
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The Commonwealth will have a busy day in watching College Cambridge in its bid to bring the top tennis University this year.

The two meet at Eastbourne on July 8 and 9 and Oxford include four Commonwealth players. Brothers Synnaris and Oswald Leach are playing for Oxford. Pugh and S. Crain for Harbol.

Students for the Commonwealth are G. Cornhill, G. Edwards, and a number of others. The British team will be led by G. V. Vint.





## THE TODMORDEN TORPEDO

## Yorkshire Discover A New Fast Bowler

It is a safe bet that England's pace attack for many seasons will have a strong Yorkshire influence. "Fiery" Freddie Trueman, temperament permitting, and the subtle Bob Appleyard, fitness permitting, both seem destined for long Test spells.

Now make way for another "Tyke" who can make this determined duo a terrible trio. His name is Philip Hodgson. He hails from Todmorden, Post Office Hodgson. He insists on Todmorden having a Lancashire postmark though geographically it is in Yorkshire. This cuts no ice with Philip, however. "I was born 200 yards inside the Yorkshire border," he says.

And aren't Yorkshire glad they have him? Philip is only eighteen. But already he has proved his worth.

Twice in three weeks the Todmorden Torpedo has done the hat-trick for Sheffield United cricket club.

Says George Pope, former Derbyshire and England pace-bowler: "He's an England bowler in the making. He's got great ability and the speed of Bill Copson." Sheffield folk declare he is the fastest bowler in the county.

## DEVASTATINGLY ACCURATE

What is more, Philip is devastatingly accurate. He takes a 20-yard run, hurls the ball down from a height of eight feet, and gets most of his wickets by hitting the stumps.

The Hodgson story began two years ago. Bill Bowes, one of England's most accurate fast bowlers and now the Yorkshire coach, went off to meet a lady, a young girl, and declared: "I bowled fast." "Let's see you," said Bowes. Young Philip bowled a couple at the nets.

"How fast, unimpressed, asked "Is that your normal run?"

"Oh, no sir. There isn't enough room in these nets to use my full run-up."

So Bowes stuck a stump out in the open-air. Young Hodgson disappeared into the distance to begin his run. Then up he came to send that single stump rocketing ten feet back to the side of the nets.

Bowes replaced the stump. "Try again," he indicated. Once more Hodgson flattened it.

That was good enough for Bowes. He persuaded Yorkshire to put Hodgson straight into the second eleven against Nottinghamshire. Result—five for 50.

Since then he has been carefully nursed by Sheffield United Cricket Club. Bowes and

## Clyde Walcott Has Been Film-Making

Clyde Walcott, West Indies Test star, has been film-making. Don't jump to conclusions, Clyde doesn't fancy himself as another Errol Flynn.

He has had some shots taken of himself bowling and batting. The popular West Indian leaves Lancashire League club Enfield at the end of this season. He is going to British Guiana to take up a coaching appointment.

The films are to help him in the instruction he will be undertaking. Enfield cricketers will not forget Walcott. He has proved a tremendous draw and leaves them in a better financial position than ever before.

(London Express Service)



Philip Hodgson, the Todmorden Torpedo.

## ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

## It Would Take The Genius Of A Sherlock Holmes To Solve This Mystery

There is a mystery in English county cricket which would need the genius of a Sherlock Holmes to solve. It could be titled "The Missing Crowds."

On two of the six days on which the County Championship matches are played the attendances are insignificant. And they are Tuesdays and Fridays, the last days of the games.

For some seasons the County Advisory Committee, which governs the Championship, have been perplexed and worried at what happens to crowds on the last day. Strangely enough the brightest cricket is played on the last day and thrilling and exciting finishes are not uncommon.

One prominent writer has done some private research on this strange public reaction and has come to the conclusion that many people fear they might not see a full day's play.

But surely if the state of the match is studied beforehand the prospective spectators can gain a reasonable idea of whether the game is likely to end early or go to the full limit.

The same outlook will cheerfully risk his money if the weather is doubtful on the first two days—no money is returned in the event of rain—yet does not seem disposed to do so on the final day when the game has moved towards its climax.

Just where the crowds, so keen to watch the other days, disappear to on Fridays and Mondays is a mystery still to be solved.

## NOW ABUNDANCE

From a question of scarcity let us turn to one of abundance. I refer to the abundance of fast bowlers of which there used to be such a famine!

Now we have Brian Statham of Lancashire and his great rival, Freddie Trueman of Yorkshire, leading the field.

Following closely (though not necessarily in this order) are Alan Moss of the successful Middlesex side; Peter Loader of Surrey; Frank Tyson of Nottingham (who is probably the quickest of the lot over five overs); and Jack Bannister of Warwickshire.

There are others. And it might well be we are approaching the state of each county having at least one fast bowler, which the veterans never tire of telling us was the blessed state in days gone by.

In assessing the ability of a fast bowler there is one very important factor to consider in England. He has to bowl six days a week and sometimes on pitches so slow that he curses the day he ever took up bowling.

To get out class batsmen (and there are at least four in every county side) he must ally his speed to length and "do something through the air. Just to bang down the ball in a spirit of hope is just not good enough no matter how fast the ball might travel.

But if he has all the virtues of a top-class bowler, there is still one important question. Can he stand up to the physical strain?

## SHREWDLY "NURSED"

Statham is probably the cleverest of the English bunch of speed men. He does not seem robust but he has a wiry frame which may be deceptive. Yet Lancashire, now captained by my old England colleague,

Cyril Washbrook, shrewdly "nurses" Statham.

By far the strongest in the physical strength sense is Freddie Trueman who can keep up a fast pace as long as a captain wishes to bowl him. On the other hand Frank Tyson concentrates his attack in five over spells—perhaps three in the course of a day.

Tyson, however, is gradually building up his reserves and I predict he will be a demon in a year or so. He is a valuable player for he can also bowl an excellent off-break and his batting continues to improve.

In fact his potential as a batsman makes many wonder if he would not make a real hit as an all-rounder. He is a compact, neat and batting number five. Time will solve this matter.

Meanwhile Keith Andrew, Nottingham's young wicket-keeper, is impressing all who see him. He is compact, neat and moves with grace. There is little of the showman about his style.

Of the many promising keepers in England he seems the most likely to succeed Godfrey Evans. But we all hope the day is far away when Evans even thinks of ending his career. It is good to know, however, that there are up and coming young men in the background.

Showing excellent form, too, is young Jim Parks of Sussex whose father played for England. Parks is a grand stroke player. It could be that he will follow his father into Test cricket.

## LEAGUE BOWLS

## KCC LOOK STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE FOUR POINTS FROM CRAIGENGOWER

By "TOUCHER"

Hitherto unbeaten in the First Division of the Lawn Bowls League, Kowloon Cricket Club, who have already had the better of both Recreation "Blues" and Recreation "Whites," meet their next toughest opposition this afternoon when they clash with Craigengower Cricket Club at the Valley.

The Kowloon Cricket Club are now only six points behind the League-leading Recreation "Blues" and will undoubtedly go all out for the possible points which will place them in a better position than the League-leaders.

On form and on paper the Kowloonites seem to be the superior team and may be expected to be the first team to take away at least four points from Craigengower on their home green this season.

The return of Teddy Fincher to the team has greatly strengthened W. Hong Sling's rink and although Craigengower still have to lose a match on their home green yet this season, they will have to play well above the average this afternoon to avoid being blanked out by their Kowloon rivals.

The Valley Club rinks have all so far played only with full brilliance and still have to strike that consistent average, or better, so important in League games.

## INTRA-CLUB AFFAIR

Although the match between Recreation "Blues" and Recreation "Whites" is an intra-club affair, it will not be devoid of interest or keen competition.

On the contrary, rivalry will be much keener here as the "Blues" consist mainly of Hongkong bowlers and the "Whites" mainly ex-Shanghai players.

The front two men of each of the Recreation "Whites" are more than capable of holding their own against their "Blues" vis-

vis and how far the "Whites" can extend their clubman's dependence on the performance of their No. 3's and skips, which so far seem to have been their weakest points.

The return of L. F. Xavier to the team and the switch of C. A. Danenberg to the No. 3 berth in A. A. Lopes' rink seems to strengthen the "Whites" team a great deal and with this line-up, an extremely good fight should come from them.

Indian Recreation Club showed that their 5-0 win over Recreation "Whites" was no fluke when they gave another scintillating display last weekend to beat Craigengower by 4-1.

It will be too much to expect Kowloon Docks to take the aggregate from the Indians this afternoon, but steady play may lead them somewhere if the Indians fail to strike form with their aggressive type of bowls.

In the Second Division, the hopes of at least four clubs will depend on Kowloon Cricket Club's ability to hold the League-leading Recreation squad.

A runaway victory for the Portuguese bowlers will give them a commanding lead in the League table. An upset win by the Cricket Club, on the other hand, will not only boost

up KCC's prospects but also keep the race wide open.

The Third Division will see two important matches in the form of the clashes between KCC and IRC and between Filipino Club and HKERC.

Only two points now separate these four teams and a good win by any of them this afternoon will not only put that team in the lead, but also give them that extra confidence in the remaining matches.

KCC should have the better of IRC and Filipino Club the edge on HKERC.

## TODAY'S GAMES

## First Division

Recreation "Blues" v. Recreation "Whites".  
KCC v. KCC.  
KBCC v. FC.  
KDC v. IRC.  
PRC (Bye).

## Second Division

USRC v. CCC.  
Recreation v. KCC.  
KBCC v. HKCC.  
HKFC v. IRC.  
PRC v. TC.

## Third Division

KCC v. IRC.  
CCC v. HKFC.  
PRC v. USRC.  
FC v. HKERC.

## The Shrewdest Brain In The Boxing Business

By ARCHIE QUICK

If I were a young boxer I should ask Len Harvey to take out a manager's licence and train me, or I would put myself in the hands of Ted Broadbribb. But then if I were a young boxer I would not be armed with the knowledge that Broadbribb is the best manager-second in the fist game.

As "Young Snowball", a flyweight of pre-World War I days, he will go down to posterity as the only Englishman ever to defeat Georges Carpentier, but his more lasting fame will surely be his success as a manager of boxers in general and heavyweight boxers in particular.

First of all, he snatched Tommy Farr from the coal pits of South Wales and took him to a World Championship fight with Joe Louis.

Then he directed Freddie Mills from a milk round in Bourne-mouth to the World Cruiser-weight Championship.

And, finally, he lifted Johnny Williams from the seclusion of a Rugby farm to his country's title.

All three of them, Farr, Mills and Williams, became Heavyweight Champions of Great Britain, and there is hardly a slightest doubt that they would never have reached the limelight had it not been for Ted's canines.

## FATHER FOX

As a bargainer for the best terms for his fighter he is the father fox of them all, as a match-maker for his men he cannot be surpassed, but perhaps, where he shines brightest of all is in his boxer's corner during a fight.

He is the only Englishman who can match the medical skill, efficiency and slickness of the American seconds, and one of the finest compliments ever heard paid him was by Ray Arcel, greatest of the modern trainers in the United States.

"Ted", he said, "would make a fortune in the States as a handler. He is as smart as anything we have got."

No unnecessary fuss with Broadbribb, but there is no one quicker to jump to an emergency when his fighter runs into trouble. Watching Ted those badly cut eyes to which Johnny Williams is so susceptible, is an education in seconding.

Broadbribb is an avowed East End boy from the Walworth Road, hard by the Elephant and Castle, and, with true Cockney generosity, he does a hundred and one good deeds anonymously and without publicity. Handsome, even in advancing years, he is always most fastidiously dressed, but do not be deceived by his wavy, crinkly hair, now graying hair. Under it is the shrewdest brain in the business. Ted's daughter, Christina, of course, is the wife of Freddie Mills.

## THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appley



## POINT 10 SURF

— the new way to wash — the best way to wash



Get a packet to-day. Ask for "SURF"





# P&O B.I. E&A COMPANIES

## PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S.N. CO.

### PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"CORFU"	26th May	24th June
"CANTON"	26th June	28th July
"CARTHAGE"	21st July	23rd August

Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CORFU"	2nd July	2nd August
"CANTON"	31st July	31st August
"CARTHAGE"	24th August	24th September

Accepting cargo for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London

### FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Arriving	From
"COROMANDEL"	2nd July	U.K.
"TRESILLIAN"	11th July	U.K.
"BOUDAN"	15th July	U.K.

Homewards	Leaving	For
"COROMANDEL"	21st July	Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg

"BOUDAN" 2nd August — do —  
with liberty to call at Belawan before or after Straits Ports and at Bombay if convenient.

Tanks available for carriage of Oil in Bulk Space for refrigerated cargo. Limited Passenger accommodation

## BRITISH INDIA S.N. CO., LTD.

"SANTHA"	due 26th June	from Calcutta, Rangoon via Straits
"WARORA"	due 11th July	from Japan via Hongkong, Rangoon & Cebu

## P. & O. B. I. JOINT SERVICE

"OZARDA"	due 10th July	from Japan via Hongkong, Rangoon, Cebu, Penang, Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg
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## EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

"EASTERN"	due 10th July	from Japan via Hongkong, Rangoon, Cebu, Penang, Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg
"NELLORE"	due 12th July	from Australia via Hongkong, Rangoon, Cebu, Penang, Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg

All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

For full particulars apply to:  
**MACKINNON, MACKENZIE & CO.**  
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# the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE WHO ROBBED THE STORE?

By Harold Gluck

**THE CHALLENGE:** Are you wide awake? Can people fool you? If someone told you a story with an error in it could you spot what was wrong? Paul Husted is your age. You are going to match wits with him. He listened to a story and knew just what was wrong with it. See if you can do the same.

THERE was a body in the living room of the Husted home. On a comfortable chair Mrs. Husted was seated and looking patiently at a scene. Her only son, Paul, had a first aid text book in his hand. Arthur Zorn, reporter on Centerville's one and only leading newspaper, was playing "Injured."

"You were just hit by a car," began Paul, "and I must give you first aid. Now where is the information I need? Is it on page 377 or 62?"

"Suppose you look in the index," suggested Arthur Zorn. "I am getting a wee bit tired being on the floor. And we have an appointment with Mr. Wales at 2 o'clock."

"We will have to take care of fractures next time," replied Paul. "I am really anxious to meet Mr. Wales."

"Not as anxious as he is to meet you," snapped back Arthur.



Zorn. "He doesn't believe a boy like you exists. So we are going to his office. He is an insurance adjuster. He has a case to settle this afternoon and we are going with him."

Herbert Wales. He was a middle aged man, slightly balding. There was a very friendly smile on his face as he greeted his two visitors.

"My son read all about your adventures in the local newspaper," began Mr. Wales, "and he suggested that I meet you and get your help. As an adjuster, it is my job to settle cases which are covered by my company. I have been working for them during the past twenty years."

## Taking a Walk with Two Fish

—It Happened When the Shadows Met Merlin—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, had put their hats and coats on and were on the point of going out of the house when Mr. Merlin, the magician, came out from behind the bookcase.

Mr. Merlin was dressed in a beautiful tweed suit, thick and green and fuzzy. He had a white carnation in his button-hole. He had a cane. He was carrying a pair of gloves. He wore a felt hat with a feather in it.

### Cheerful Greeting

"Good morning, my dears; good morning," said Mr. Merlin cheerfully.

Knarf and Hanid both said good morning.

"Am I wrong, or am I right when I say that I think you are both going for a walk?" Mr. Merlin said.

"You're right," said Hanid. "We are going for a walk."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Merlin. "So am I. We'll all go together."

Knarf and Hanid were delighted. They enjoyed walking with Mr. Merlin. Indeed there was no one they enjoyed walking with more. This was because Mr. Merlin, being a magician, was almost always sure to do one of his wonderful magical tricks. A magician is the best and most interesting walking companion that anyone can have.

Well, Knarf and Hanid were already starting for the door when Mr. Merlin suddenly stopped.

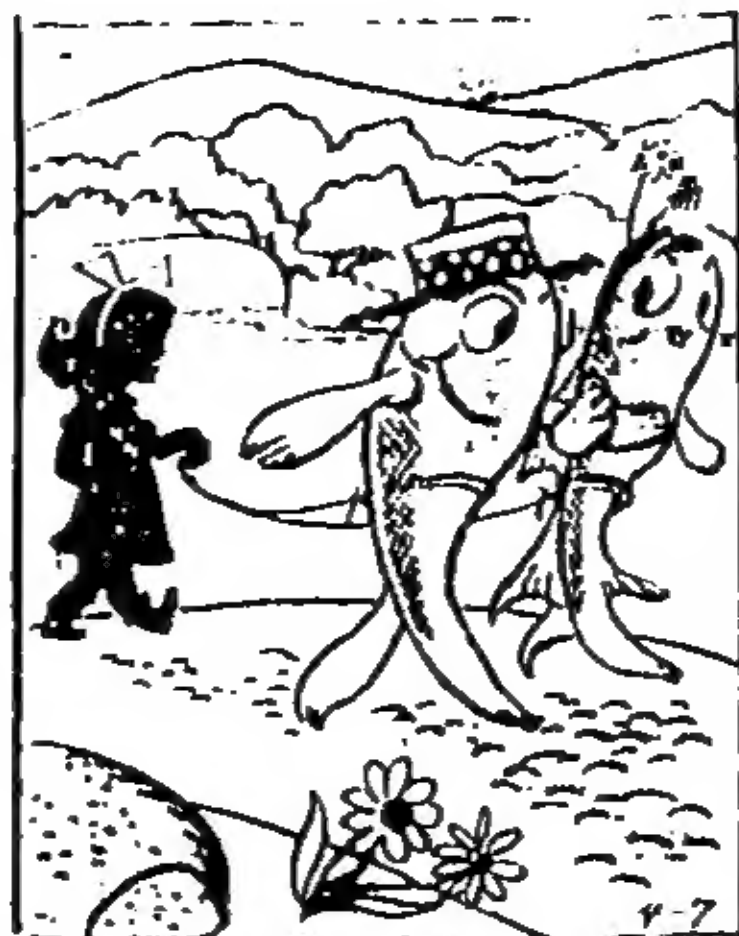
"Hey, what's the matter, Mr. Merlin?" asked Knarf.

### Just Remembered

"Nothing's the matter, my boy," said Mr. Merlin, smiling. "I just thought of something, that's all."

Knarf and Hanid promptly wanted to know what Mr. Merlin had just thought of.

"Well," said Mr. Merlin, "I just thought of how selfish it is of us to go walking all by ourselves without taking our friends along with us."



Hanid was walking along with two goldfish.

"But, Mr. Merlin," said Hanid, "goldfish can't walk."

"You forget," said Mr. Merlin, "that I'm a magician. When goldfish are with me, they can not only stay out of the water and walk, but do a dozen other things that no one ever before ever thought goldfish could do."

Saying this, Mr. Merlin waved his hand over the aquarium. Instantly, Suzanne and Alphonse sprang out.

### Prancing Fish

A few moments later, the two goldfish were prancing down the street, tied to a fishing line held by Knarf and Hanid.

"They seem to be enjoying themselves very much," said Hanid.

"Look, they're even wagging their tails!" said Knarf.

Mr. Merlin nodded gravely. "Every goldfish likes to take a walk now and then," Mr. Merlin said. "They enjoy being out in the fresh air just as we enjoy taking a swim in the water. But only a magician like me can arrange to take goldfish out of the water without hurting them. No one else must ever try it!"

## Rupert and Billy Goat -21



Rupert tried to "shoo" back behind the rock. Then he gave a glad cry, for the intruder is only his pal, Billy Goat! "How on earth did you get away from those two?" asked Billy. "I didn't see them. They were hiding in the bushes."

## Make Your Picture Appear By Magic

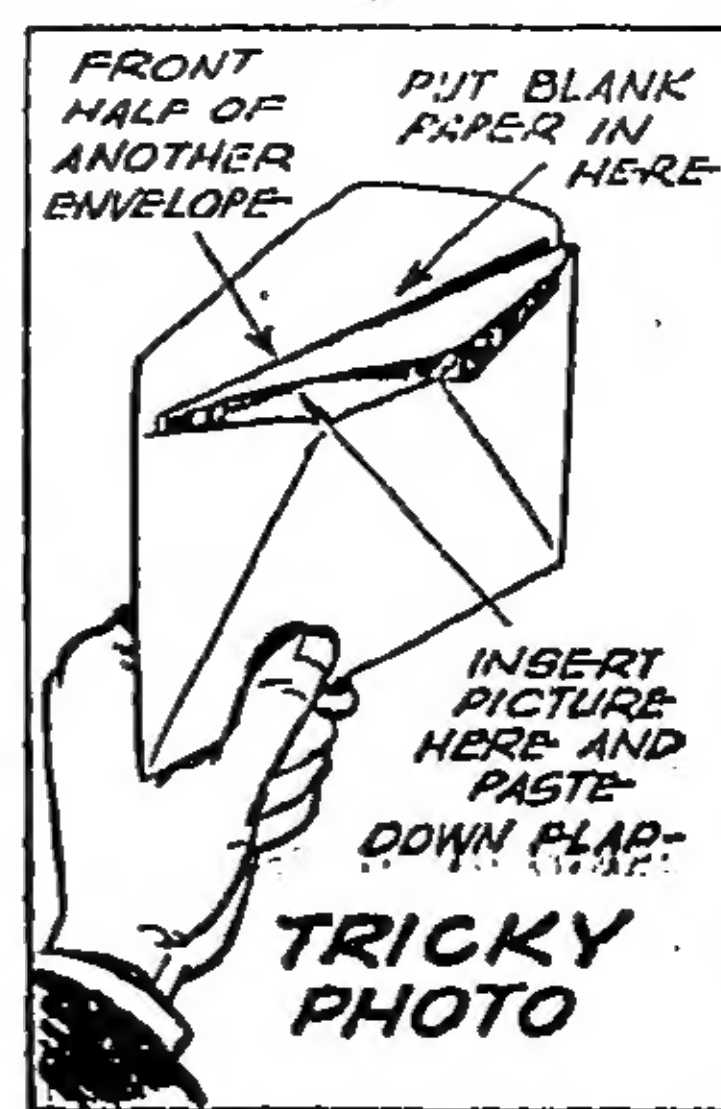
By JOHN Y. BEATY

WHEN you have a group of your friends together, lay a package of envelopes on the table. Show your friends a piece of heavy paper. Pass it around to show that there is nothing unusual about it.

Pick up one of the envelopes, place the blank paper inside, and seal the envelope. Now stand in the sun or, if you are in the house, stand before a strong light and pass the envelope between the light and yourself as though you were having the light shine through the envelope. Then, with a pocket knife, cut open the envelope and bring forth the paper which now has your photograph on it. This is the way the trick appears to your friends.

### PREPARATIONS

In order to perform this trick, you must make preparations as follows: First, have your photograph made with a small camera and your picture printed in the regular way. Have this picture made in the exact place where you intend to show the trick. When you do the trick, stand exactly where you stood when your



photograph was made and wear the same clothes.

Take one of the envelopes from the package you are going to use. Cut around the three edges so that the front of the envelope will be separated from the back. Insert the part where the address would ordinarily be written inside another envelope exactly like it.

Now, you have, in reality, a double envelope. Insert the picture you have made between the flap you have just inserted and the back of the whole envelope.

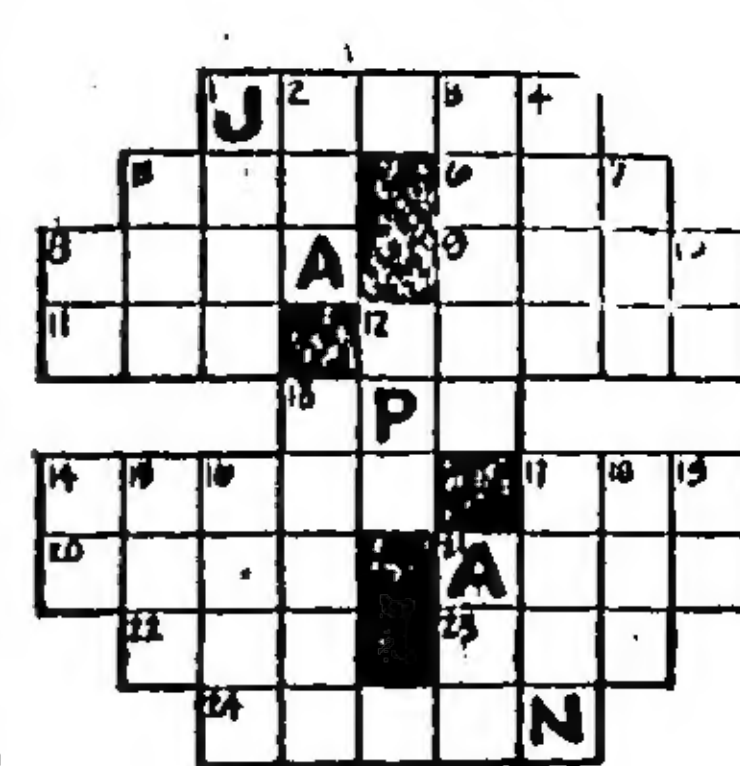
By moistening the flap of the whole envelope, you paste it to the flap of the piece that was cut away from the other one and you will have your picture concealed between the two portions. The front part of the envelope will be empty. By doing this carefully, no one will notice that the envelope is double when you pick it up.

### FINAL STEP

When you place the blank sheet of paper in the envelope, you seal the envelope. Thus, you have a blank piece of paper in one pocket of the envelope and the paper with your picture on it in the other. After holding the envelope between yourself and the light, you cut open the envelope and bring forth the picture which now has your photograph on it. This is the way the trick appears to your friends.

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### Crossword



### ACROSS

- 1 Scoffs
- 2 Age
- 3 Through
- 4 Eternity
- 5 Greek mountain
- 6 On the sheltered side
- 7 Qualified
- 8 Expert
- 9 Foreign agent
- 10 Cost
- 11 Shade tree
- 12 Roman philosopher
- 13 Operatic solo
- 14 Pronoun
- 15 Tear
- 16 Fortification

### DOWN

- 1 Joke
- 2 Age
- 3 Prepared
- 4 Shoe part
- 5 Greek letter
- 6 Fibre knots
- 7 Preposition
- 8 And (Latin)
- 9 Record
- 10 Piece (ab.)
- 11 College cheer
- 12 Brain passage
- 13 Ireland
- 14 Mouth part
- 15 Female relative
- 16 Constellation

### Triangle

This triangle is based on RETIRED. The second word is "a symbol for tellurium"; third "harder"; fourth "a Hindu garment"; fifth "kind of sword"; and sixth "rounded." Finish the triangle:

R  
E  
T  
I  
R  
E  
D

RETIRED

### Anagrams

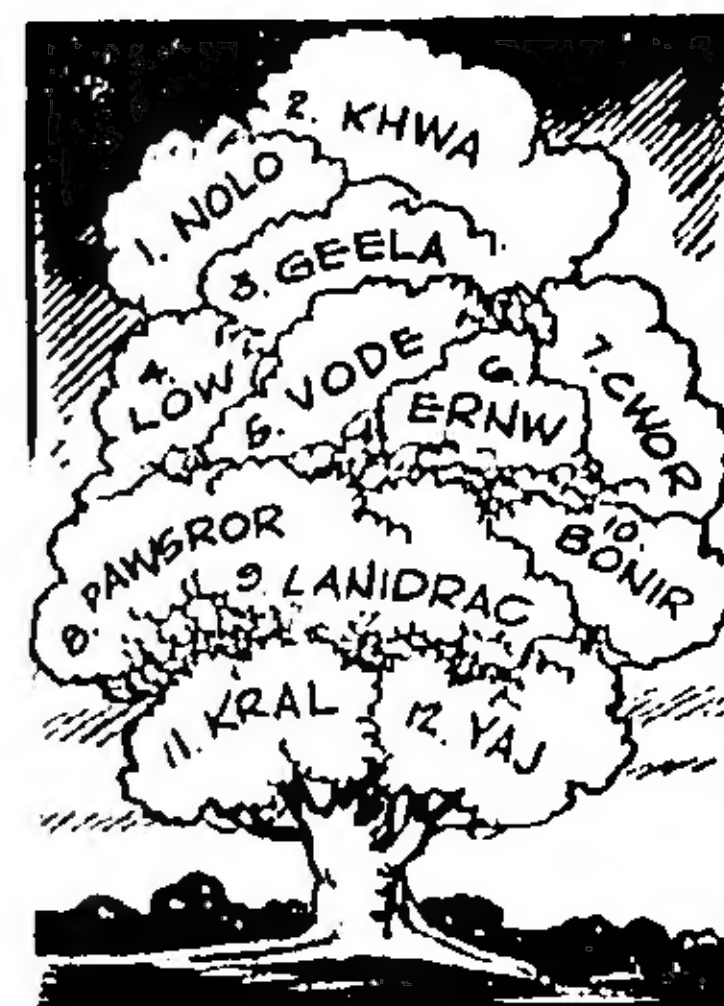
Add a letter to "a preposition" and scramble for "a Greek letter." Add another letter and scramble for "a chair." Repeat and have "stories"; again for "machine tools"; and finally for "spreads over with soap foam."

### De-tailed Words

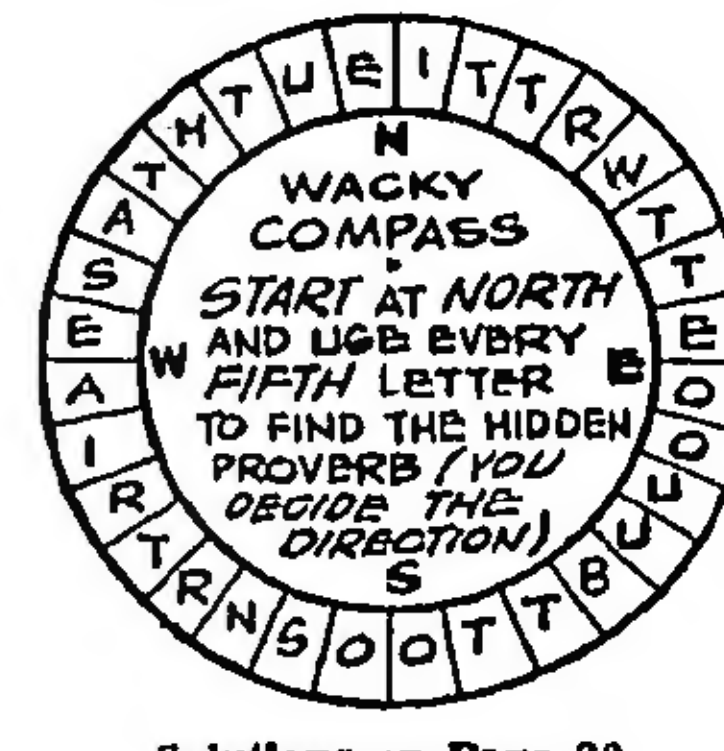
Remove the tail from "a vocalist" and have "to scorch"; de-tail this and have "to warble"; again and have "transgression"; and finally for a Spanish "yes."

### Bird Puzzle

Did you ever see twelve different birds in one tree? Look at this tree. You will find the names of twelve different birds, but the letters in each name are all jumbled up.



### Wacky Compass



Solutions on Page 20

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"VIET-NAM" ..... sailing July 9th  
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"BIR HAKEIM" ..... sailing June 26th  
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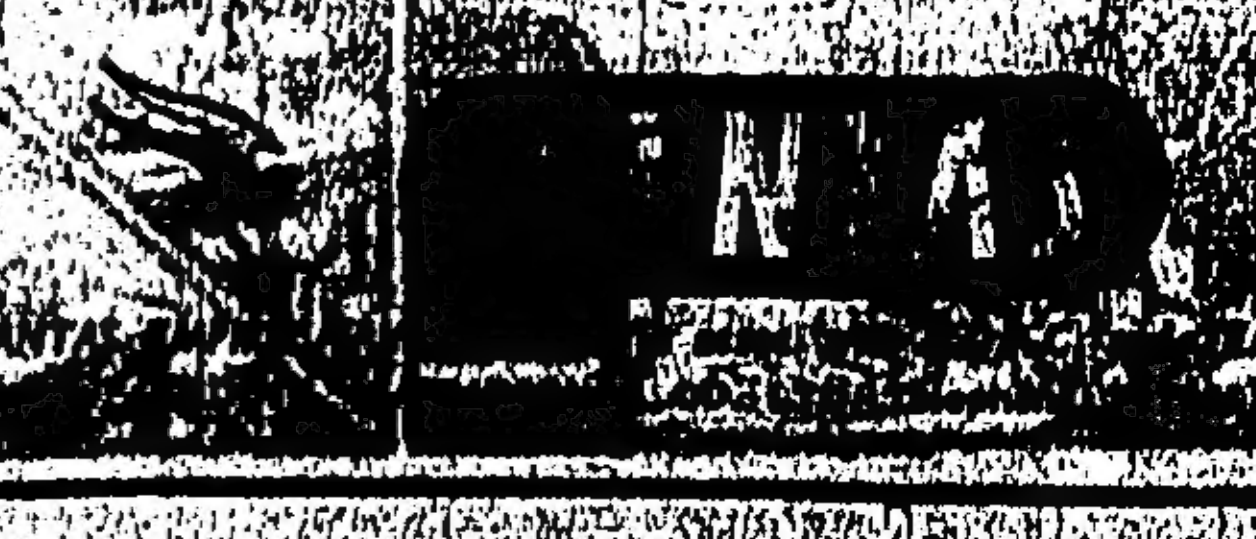
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# CHINA MAIL

Page 20 SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1954.

**SHEAFFER'S**  
ADMIRAL  
NEW  
**"SHORKEL"**  
PEN

## WITHOUT GERMANY EUROPE'S DEFENCE

**JOHN CLARKE'S**  
CASEBOOK

### A Letter From Home

ON a Soho street corner, in those early hours of the morning when human resistance to such things is said to be at its lowest, a policeman found William singing a dirge in a mournful, creaking, but loud baritone.

"Pick it up," said the policeman. But William went on with his lament. In a voice whose accents were Ulster, though it is 20 years since he was there. "Stop it," said the policeman. William noticed him then, and stopped the policeman up and down. "You know," he said, "every time I see that uniform I'm tempted to go mad."

"I shall have to arrest you," the policeman said, "for being drunk and disorderly."

**DISORDERLY?—NIVVER**  
HE had noticed William's HE was saying, and the trouble his first hit to the pavement, and the odd look in his eyes.

"Oh well," said William, "I suppose you'll get a day off for this," and charitably he allowed himself to be arrested.

At Marlborough Street next morning when the charge was put to him, William said: "I was drunk all right, but never disorderly. I've a letter here..."

Mr Rowland Thomas, QC, the magistrate, called for the evidence, and the policeman told his story of William's night of song.

"Now what would you like to say?" Mr Thomas asked William, when the policeman had done.

**A SISTER'S ADVICE**  
THIS letter, William said, "Me old dad in Ulster, he's ill. This letter'll prove it. He handed forward a crumpled sheet of letter paper."

"It's from me sister in Belfast," William explained, as the magistrate began to read.

"She says," said the magistrate, "Can't you get yourself deported?"

"Unfortunately I can't do that. Do you want to go back to Belfast to see your dear old father?"

"Aye," said William.

**A QUIET CHAT**  
BUT the magistrate had looked more closely at the letter. This is dated three weeks ago," he said, "If your dear old father was ill then, he may have passed away by now. You had better have a quiet chat with the probation officer, Mr Morgan, here."

William rubbed his white, stubby chin, and drew his frowny overcoat about him. "I'll do that," he agreed.

Presently, he was brought back to the dock, and Mr Morgan went into the witness box. "This man," he said, "earns about £8 a week, as a rule, but most of that goes on drink, I think."

"Does he go and visit his dear old father now and again?"

**A BAD INVESTMENT**  
"No, sir," said Mr Morgan, "and I think it would be a bad investment for us to pay for him to go to Belfast now. He can earn £8 by a week's work, and have ample for the fare. He knows all about how to get work and..."

"And all about dodging it, no doubt," said the magistrate. "Oh, I think so," said Mr Morgan.

William was discharged conditionally, and he humped off, heaving heavy sighs. A poor sort of world it is, said those sages, when a man has to ask to be deported and, asking, has so trifling a favour refused.

## MAY BE DOOMED

### General Gruenther Issues Grave Warning

London, June 25. The Supreme Commander Allied Forces in Europe, General Alfred Gruenther, was reported in a London evening newspaper today as saying that present NATO forces would not be able to stop a premeditated Russian attack on Western Europe.

According to a Paris interview published in "the Star," the General, when asked if Russian forces could be held "supposing they decided to begin a premeditated war," replied: "No. We are not that good. There is no reason for discouragement. It would have been a miracle if we had become so good in three and a half years."

But General Gruenther added that a NATO defensive shield had been created "which may be enough to prevent a so-called accidental war," the Star stated.

He said France and Germany "must both make a significant contribution" to the defence of Western Europe.

"The defence of Europe is extremely difficult and may even be impossible without a German contribution while it is necessary to have a German contribution, it is equally true that the defence of Europe does not exist without France," the General told the Star.

### UK Surprised At US Surprise

London, June 25. A British Foreign Office spokesman tonight expressed surprise at the effect in the United States of Mr Anthony Eden's proposal for an arrangement "such as Locarno" to guarantee any Indo-China settlement.

The Foreign Secretary's statement to this effect in the House of Commons on Wednesday evoked surprise in responsible quarters in Washington.

The spokesman said this was unexpected since Mr Eden had throughout the Geneva conference constantly urged the guarantee for any settlement that might be reached by the five Colombo powers.

Asked whether Mr Eden's statement had been conveyed in advance to the State Department, the spokesman said it had not, adding that it would have been most unusual to do so.—Reuter.

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## Young Briton Beats The Champions To Win Golf Match

Birmingham, June 25. Peter Allis, 24, son of a famous stalwart of pre-war British golf, Percy Allis, today won the £400 first prize in the Daks £2,000 professional golf tournament.

In the final two rounds on the Little Aston near here, he returned 70 and 67 to give him an overall 72 holes aggregate of 279.

A stroke behind was Bobby Locke, South African, three times British open champion, who set out for his final round just as Allis finished.

Allis, young British Ryder Cup player, who has been a professional for only five years, has knocked at the door consistently during those years won the Assistant's championship and last year was ninth (third British) in the Open and third in the Irish Open.

He was first man out today, started his final round four strokes behind A. J. Harman but set such a cracking pace in the last round that all others chasing him failed.

As so often happens, the major thrills of the event came in the final round with men chasing a pace-maker. This time the pace was so warm however, that none of the later starters had sufficient in hand to make the grade.

**LOCKE'S CHANCE**  
Bobby Locke had, perhaps, the best chance and when he turned in 33 it seems that Allis, waiting in the clubhouse, might be caught. But to go the homeward half in 34, as Locke

needed to do, was asking a little too much and he took 36, which left him one stroke behind.

Harman had failed by taking 75 in the final round, 10 strokes more than the record which he created in the morning to gain his three rounds lead.

Almost unheralded, Sam King, the farmer golfer, had one of today's best rounds, 69 and 68, which lifted him into third place.

Leading scores: Peter Allis, 73, 69, 70 and 67 for 279 (£400); Bobby Locke 67, 72, 72 and 69 for 280 (£250); Sam King 73, 71, 69 and 68 for 281 (£150); Dai Rees 71, 72, 69 and 70 for 282 (£100); Fred Jowle, Arthur Lees and A. J. Harman, each 283 (£68); Cerdia 284 (£50); Peter Thomson and R. M. Mandeville each 286 (£35).—Reuter.

**Wash-Out At Wimbledon**  
Wimbledon, June 25. Persistent rain prevented a ball being played on the fifth day of the Wimbledon lawn tennis championships today.

It was only the second time in the last quarter of a century that rain had completely washed out a day's programme at Wimbledon.

Officials delayed their decision for four and a half hours in the hopes of an improvement in the weather. All during that time patient crowds, totalling about 18,000, jammed the entrance halls and promenades.

**BRAVED THE RAIN**  
Small optimistic groups braved the rain and waited in the open standing enclosures on the centre court.

A tarpaulin canopy protected the centre court turf so had the rain ceased play would have started almost immediately.

On the few occasions when the rain did stop, isolated sections of the crowd began slow hand-clapping impatiently. The hold-up will not seriously affect the schedule of the 12-day tournament which was well advanced.—Reuter.

**Bravery Award For Young Planter**  
London, June 25. The Acting High Commissioner for India, Mr M. J. Desai, tonight presented an Indian medal for gallantry to a 26-year-old Scottish tea planter, Mr Alistair Selvaright Bruce, at the first ceremony of its kind ever held in London.

Mr Bruce, whose home town is Aberdeen, received the Award of the Ashoka Chakra Class III for rescuing four men trapped in a crashed lorry while returning to his house at Baingpoorie tea estate, Mal, West Bengal, on the night of July 11, 1952.

The citation, which was read by the Acting High Commissioner, said that Mr Bruce "with complete disregard for his own safety" went to the aid of four men trapped in the cab of a lorry which had gone through a high bridge and was hanging at a steep angle over a sheer drop into a river.

While extricating the trapped men, a short circuit occurred which might have set fire to the lorry and burned its occupants if Mr Bruce had not wrenched out the wires from under the dash board—"a difficult proceeding in a lorry at a very steep angle with the cab telescoped."

Ashoka Chakra was established by Presidential decree in 1952 and is awarded for acts of gallantry, daring and self-sacrifice other than in the face of the enemy. All persons resident in India are eligible for it.—China Mail Special.

### Argentine Climbers Just Fall

Katmandu, June 25. President Juan Peron's expedition has failed to conquer the 28,705-foot Dhaulagiri mountain in Nepal after reaching 26,000 feet.

The leader, Lieutenant Francisco Ibanez, in a message received today, said the Argentine climbers with two Sherpas climbed to within 800 feet of the summit.

Ibanez wrote: "Most of the 11 Argentine mountaineers are suffering from severe frostbite."

The expedition is expected to reach New Delhi in the first week of July.—Reuter.

### Landy Fails In Bid For Record

Pori, West Finland, June 25.

John Landy, Australia's wonder runner who four days ago lowered the world mile record to three minutes 58 seconds, today failed in a bid to lower the two-mile record of eight minutes 40.4 seconds held by Belgium's Gaston Reiff.

Landy won a special two miles race, but his time was eight minutes 42.4 seconds, exactly two seconds outside the record.

The Australian, accompanied by his Finnish friend and pace-maker, Denis Johansson, arrived by air half an hour before the meeting started and two hours before he was due to run.

Second in today's race was Ilmari Tappale in nine minutes and three Denis Johansson in nine minutes 18.2 seconds.

Landy was also timed at 3,000 metres in eight minutes 9.4 seconds, which was well outside Reiff's two miles record established in Paris in August, 1950.—Reuter.

### To Take Charge Of 5,000 School Children

London, June 25. A 33-year-old village school mistress, Miss Lilian Smith, leaves behind the 41 children of her Kent school this summer when she sails to a new post in Brunel—to take charge of 5,000 children.

She has been appointed Brunel's first Education Officer. Under the direction of the Sultan, Miss Smith will control the education of the children in the tiny protectorate which has been financing an expanded programme of social and education services from its rich oil revenues.

For the past three years, Miss Smith has been headmistress of the village school of Heath, near Canterbury. — China Mail Special.

Mr Richard Casey, Australian Minister of External Affairs, left today by air for Washington for talks on Southeast Asia with his United States and Canadian colleagues.

Since leaving Geneva last week, Mr Casey has already discussed with Sir Winston Churchill and his Foreign Secretary, Mr Eden, the prospects of an Indo-China peace and the concept of a Southeast Asian security pact.

The Australian Minister conferred this morning with the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, British representative at the recent five-power military staff talks in Washington.—Reuter.



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CIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES  
Consignees per Company's s.s. "MONKAY"

are hereby notified that their cargo is being discharged into the Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co's godowns, where it will be at the Consignee's risk and subject to the Wharf terms and conditions of storage, and where delivery may be obtained as soon as the goods are landed.

Damaged packages are to be left in the Godowns for examination by Consignees and the Company's surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 26th June, 1954.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the steamer's godowns, and all goods remaining undelivered after 1st July, 1954, will be subject to rent.

All claims against the steamer must be presented to the undersigned on or before 23rd July, 1954, or they will not be recognised.

No Fire Insurance will be effected  
CIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES  
Hongkong, 25th June, 1954.

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## CHINA MAIL

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